

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art.

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 152 (2312).—VOL. VI, NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

PRICE 4d. Stamped 5d.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN. Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

## EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Incorporated by ROYAL CHARTER.—THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this SOCIETY is NOW OPEN, from Nine a.m. till dusk. Admittance, One Shilling.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. T. ROBERTS, Sec.

## SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, (Close to the National Gallery,) from Nine till Dusk. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

## THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

## INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS, PORTLAND GALLERY, 216, REGENT STREET. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the WORKS of MODERN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN, from Nine till dusk. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence. Single Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

BELL SMITH, Secretary.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—SIXTH CONCERT, on Monday evening, May 27, in the Hanover Square-rooms, at 8 o'clock. Programme:—Sinfonia in G major (Haydn); Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goldard (Sterndale Bennett); Overture, Ruy Blas (Mendelssohn); Sinfonia in B flat (Beethoven); Concerto, violin, No. 7, Mr. Blagrove (Spohr); Overture, Siege of Corinth (Rossini). Vocal Performers, Miss Parepa, Miss Lancelotti and Signor Belletti. Conductors—Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. Tickets, 15s. each, to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, No. 210, Regent Street.

## HISTORY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.—AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, illustrating the History of the Art, and of Works by Female Students of the Schools of Art, will be OPENED on the 1st JUNE, 1861, at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Admission, One Shilling. Catalogues, Sixpence.

By Order of the Committee,

LOUISA GANN, Secretary.

Female School of Art, 43, Queen Square, W.C.  
(Removed from 37, Gower Street.)

A BAZAAR in aid of the Building Fund of the School will be held in June.

## DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS AND PRIZES TO THE STUDENTS OF THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, and Female Students of the Metropolitan Districts Schools of Art.

The Earl Granville, K.G., Lord President of the Council, will deliver the Medals and Prizes to the Students in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum of Geology, Jernyn Street, on Saturday, the 1st June, 1861, at 12 o'clock.

An Exhibition of the Works of Female Students will open at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, on the same day together with an Exhibition of Works illustrating the History of Water-Colour Painting.

## LONDON LIBRARY, 12, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held on Saturday, the 25th instant, at 3 o'clock p.m. The Right Hon. EARL STANHOPE, Vice-President, will take the Chair.

By Order of the Committee,

15th May, 1861. ROBERT HARRISON, Sec.

## MONDAY SHAKSPEARIAN READINGS by Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG, in the new and elegant St. Catherine's Hall, Catherine Street (11 doors from the Strand). Monday, 27th May, OTHELLO.

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## ROYAL HORTICULTURAL FETES

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Tickets sold on Days of the Shows will be charged 2s. 6d. extra.

All the Shows will be held under Roofed Buildings.

After the opening, on June 5, Bands will play, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, in June and July.

As the Works in the Garden are still in progress, the Council have decided that the right of entry to these Promenades must, for the present Season, be limited to Fellows, who (except on Fête Days) may personally introduce two Friends, the holders of Ivory Tickets, who may introduce two Friends, and to those persons whose names are registered under the Debutante Agreement; and on Saturdays, after 1 o'clock, by Tickets, price 2s. 6d.

\* A Ballot for the Election of Fellows will take place on the 31st of May.

By Order of Council. AND. MURRAY.

## EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITU- TION, 1861.

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In order to afford a more especial recognition of the claims of this branch of Art than is possible at the General Annual Exhibition in the Autumn, the Council have determined to OPEN AN EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS on the 17th June, to continue to the end of July.

On this occasion the opportunity of exhibiting will not be confined to artists and to private individuals, but will be extended to the trade generally.

Works should be forwarded so as to arrive not later than the first week in June.

Mr. Joseph Green, of 14, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, will take charge of any works sent to him to forward.

Parties willing to contribute are requested to communicate particulars to the Honorary Secretary as early as possible, as it is desirable to ascertain the extent of the proposed Exhibition, and what space will be required.

A copy of the Regulations, and further particulars, may be obtained on application to the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Richard Aspin, 92, Moatey Street, Manchester.

HENRY COOK, Hon. Sec.

THE GENERAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES in Oil and Water-Colours, will take place in the Autumn, as usual.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRI- CULATION EXAMINATION.

A Provincial Matriculation Examination will be held by the authority of the Senate of the University at Queen's College, Liverpool, in July next, simultaneously with the Examination in London. Copies of the Local Regulations may be obtained by applying to

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

# REVIEWS.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR JAMES McGRIGOR.

"ON the 2nd instant, in his eighty-seventh year, at his residence in London, Sir James McGrigor, Bart., K.C.B., &c." Such was the brief announcement in the obituary of the *Times* one morning in April 1858, which told the nation at large that they had lost one of their most valuable public servants. Shrewd and sagacious, "canniest" of the "canny" Scots, prudent and practical, honourable and indefatigable, Sir James McGrigor spent a long life in endeavouring to improve the practical working of the Army Medical Department; and he had the satisfaction of seeing the work of his hands prosper to the full extent of his wishes.

It is curious that a gentleman who writes his own Autobiography should have neglected to tell us when he was born, and that we are left to infer from the entry of his death the date of his birth. Yet so it is. Sir James was the eldest son of a merchant of Aberdeen, and first saw the light of day in that city in the month of April, 1771. He received his early education at the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and, as is so often the case with youths of a high order of talents, it was his success in obtaining a prize at school that first urged him to try and distinguish himself in the battle of life. Having no fancy for the dull mediocrity of commercial pursuits, and meeting with some medical and military heroes, James McGrigor fell in love with both professions, and ere long found out how to become a worshiper at once of Mars and of Esculapius.

Having finished what was called a medical course at Edinburgh, like a wise Scotchman, he set off southwards, and came to London. His hopes were gratified by the purchase for him of a commission in the Connaught Rangers, a regiment then being raised for his Majesty's service by General De Burgh, afterwards Earl of Clanricarde, in which he found himself surrounded by comrades all from the sister isle and "county Galway," and most of them relatives, besides, of their commanding officer, whose real family name was Burke. It is well known that in the Peninsula the great Duke regarded the "Connaught Rangers" as the "right men in the right place," whenever some desperate assault or hopeless affair was in contemplation, though requiring a more severe discipline than any other regiment in the service; and Sir James's experience of them on first joining at Chatham, in 1793, does not do them any discredit—to judge, at least, from his *Autobiography*. They were rare hands for drinking and duelling, and in all other fashionable vices of the time we may be sure that their motto might well have been "nulli secundus."

In the course of the next year he saw some active service with his regiment at Jersey, at Bergen-op-Zoom, and the siege of Nimeguen. The story of that fatal and ill-managed expedition is told by him with much spirit as well as minuteness; and as his own personal share in it was accompanied by some "moving incidents," it forms an interesting introduction to the rest of the book.

Returning to England, after a short respite, we find our author acting on the staff, and showing some signs of his future eminence. At Southampton he first fell in with the late Lord Beresford, then Colonel Beresford, who, even at that early date, began to show signs of the bitter temper and harsh, overbearing conduct for which he was afterwards so famous, though he really could boast of no higher origin than that of a natural son of the Marquis of Waterford. In reference to this gallant Colonel, Sir James tells us that one morning, when he waited on him with the daily return of the sick of the corps, Beresford said, "This state of things must not continue: I will not have such a number of sick in my regiment; I am sure the greater part of them are not sick." Sir James assured him that if no improvement was made in the state of the barracks, the sick-list would grow worse instead of better; and then took him on a tour of inspection. The haughty aristocrat was too proud to own himself wrong, or to apologize for the insult at the time; but after seeing things with his own eyes, he confessed that he could find no fault with the medical department; and a few days afterwards, when he found that the regiment was likely to lose McGrigor's services, he sent for him, and owned that "the medical department was the only one of which he could say anything favourable, and that he had so reported to the Horse Guards." From that time, if Beresford was his friend, the fact should be put down to the credit of McGrigor; as it mightily redounds to his credit that he forgave and forgot such a speech—even from a Beresford.

We have not space to follow Sir James through the record of his adventures in the expedition to the West Indies under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in which he was not only reported to have been killed, but had the satisfaction of seeing another officer gazetted to supply his vacant place. It is enough to say that the initiatory experience which he gained in Holland, in Grenada, and at Barbadoes, was speedily enlarged by his practice at home in the intervals of foreign employ, when he was continually employed with his regiment in the various towns where they were quartered from time to time. Many of the stories which he tells are such as could not have been told in print a quarter of a century ago, though no doubt they formed the staple of conversation at his house in Harley Street, where soldiers and sailors and army-physicians often used to meet over the hospitable bottle;—

"—gaudentes vertice raso  
Garrula securi narrare pericula."

We may, however, dismiss them from our columns, as they scarcely tend to illustrate Sir James McGrigor's career; warning the curious reader, that if he wishes to know what was the state of feeling in our chief towns, such as York, Norwich, Southampton, Halifax, &c., during the exciting times of the French Revolution, he cannot well find a work that will give him a better insight into the subject than this volume of autobiography.

In December, 1798, the subject of this memoir was ordered with his regiment to India; and in relating his experiences at Bombay and Ceylon, he takes an opportunity of discoursing upon the general position of the army medical profession. It appears, from what Sir James says, that on the breaking out of the war with France, it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Government could obtain qualified officers. It was in vain that they posted notices on the college gates at Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, offering commissions to any candidates who could "pass some kind of exami-

nation," even though such an achievement entitled the successful aspirant to pay, and free quarters and travelling charges. Indeed, as he remarks, the indiscriminate admission of half-educated and all but uneducated army surgeons at that time, tended very much to lower the standing of the profession as a whole; and, as might reasonably be expected, it was not until greater inducements, in the shape of half-pay and pensions, were added, that men of a high calibre or finished education were induced to enter, and so gradually redeem the character of the medical officers of the British army. As Sir James remarks,—

"It is not only in the sense of humanity, but in that of a sound policy and real economy, that the State should provide able medical and surgical advice for the soldier, when sick or wounded. I look upon it as an implied part of the compact between citizens and the State, that whoever enters the service of his country as a soldier, to fight its battles, should be provided with the same quality of medical aid, when sick and wounded, which he enjoyed when a private citizen."

Now, it is well known that the British soldier is drawn from a class which, as a rule, is admirably provided with medical attendance in our public hospitals and local dispensaries, administered under the best and ablest of our practitioners; and to Sir James McGrigor must be accorded the praise and the credit of having advised the least and worst qualified members of his profession, as soon as the war was over, to betake themselves to colleges and schools of medicine, either at home or abroad, in order to qualify themselves duly for the profession on which they had entered with so little of what we may call professional capital. Sir James thus records the result of his sage and sound advice:—

"The effect of this measure exceeded the most sanguine expectations that I had formed of it. There appeared a new spirit of emulation in the service, which gained for the department much credit with our brethren in civil life; and the effect of the measure in the advantage gained to the public service has been incalculable; for I can fearlessly assert that in the ranks of the medical officers of the army, men are to be found upon a level, at least, with those in the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and the soldier now well knows that he has as able advice, and is quite as kindly treated, as when he was the patient of the first hospital or dispensary in the kingdom, previous to enlistment."—pp. 96, 97.

From India, Sir James McGrigor was ordered to proceed to Egypt, with the force intended to be sent under Colonel Wellesley, but eventually commanded by Sir D. Baird. To facilitate him here, he bore with him a commission from the East India Company, which obviated any prejudices which might have been felt against him, as one of his Majesty's medical officers, by those of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. In this capacity, his travelling adventures in the Red Sea, in the Desert, and in the descent of the Nile, are recorded in a charming manner, so far as regards the author's style, though his subject mixes him up too much with the wholesale doings of disease and death to make his pages amusing. One does not like to feel amused when one is reading of hundreds and thousands dying of the plague, dysentery, and typhus fever.

Soon after returning to England, in 1804, Sir James McGrigor was promoted from his old regiment to the Royal Horse Guards Blue: while attached to them, he was stationed at Windsor. Here he was brought under the notice of Royalty; and King George III. and his sons, the Royal Dukes, figure conspicuously in his pages. The first is introduced as an

\* The Autobiography and Services of Sir James McGrigor, Bart., late Director-General of the Army Medical Department. (Longmans.)



amiable old gentleman, full of punctilio, and fancying himself something of a soldier; the Prince of Wales as easy, jovial, and gentleman-like wherever he appears; the Dukes of Kent and York as orderly, methodical, and business-like; and the Duke of Cumberland, of course, as a haughty and arbitrary tyrant—which he was. Sir James's *Autobiography* offers a variety of anecdotes which would amply illustrate our statement; but we have not room to record them here, and must be content with referring our readers to his pages accordingly.

It is well known that at one time there was an idea on the part of Lord Melville and his friends, to erect some portions of the Peninsula which lies to the east of the Indian Ocean into a fourth Presidency, and to appoint his relative, Mr. W. Dundas, as its Governor. The plan, however, became unpopular, and raised an outcry: so many Scotchmen were to go out under Mr. Dundas's auspices, that the place was christened "Nova Scotia" in the daily papers (*Punch* was not then in existence); and eventually Mr. Dundas went out as Governor of Prince Edward's Island, where he, and his wife too, died within the year. Dundas had proposed to Sir James McGrigor to accompany him as head of the Medical Department; and the latter had all but accepted the appointment. But there was another course in store for him, *ad majora fatis ducentibus*.

Not long afterwards, he was gazetted as a Deputy-Inspector of Hospitals, and was intrusted with the superintendence of the Northern District, having his head-quarters at York, whence he was removed to the South-west District. Winchester, thenceforth, became his residence, and there he was brought into almost daily contact with the late Duke of Cumberland. An anecdote related by Sir James, of the rebukes administered to himself and to another officer by his Royal Highness in the cathedral of Winchester, in the presence of the congregation assembled for morning service, we must frankly own, lowers (if that be possible) our estimate of the Duke as a gentleman and as a Christian; and it only strikes us as perfectly astonishing that the officiating clergyman did not at once hand him over to the vergers or some other official, for "brawling" in church. Surely such an insult to the clergyman present (to say nothing of the insult to a higher Power still) as is recorded on pp. 206–208 of the book before us, if it had been offered by a clergyman to the commanding officer of a regiment on parade, would have been resented by every soldier, and have forced an apology from the offender.

But to return. In addition to his duties as medical inspector of the South-west District, Sir James had laid upon him the care of the hospitals and barracks in Sussex, including Horsham, Brighton, and Lewes; and soon afterwards his labours were largely increased by the inspection of all the transports at Portsmouth, which naturally fell to his lot on the breaking out of the war in the Peninsula. In this capacity, his readiness of resource, his medical skill, and his great powers of organization, joined in securing for him the highest opinion of the authorities at the Horse Guards, as well as the respect of his profession.

Not long time elapsed before his services were required in another quarter. The news reached England that the health of the army in Walcheren was in the most disastrous and alarming state, and that Sir John Webb (head of the medical department of that expedition) was either dead or disabled by illness. Sir J. McGrigor was sent for, and at once dispatched to the scene of action; which, however, he did not reach till he had been shipwrecked *en route*.

It was no fault of the worthy officer that he could not mend what was past all cure, and that the terrible drain upon the soldiery by death compelled the recall of the expedition. Sir James, however, inspired order into his department, and obtained a warm acknowledgment of his services at Walcheren from each of the members of the Army Medical Board sitting in London. But this was not the *laudari a laudato viro*, on which such men are wont to set store; and considering that when the Government wished to send over commissioners to report on the state of the army, each of the three gentlemen begged to be excused; one of them—Sir Lucas Pepys—honestly confessing that, although he was a physician, he "knew nothing of the diseases of soldiers." We cannot wonder at the outcry that was raised in the House of Commons, and throughout the country, against the mismanagement of the commissariat and the medical department at Walcheren, having been as loud as that burst of indignation which resulted in the fall of Lord Aberdeen's ministry, on account of its alleged incompetency to deal with the chaos of mismanagement which decimated our army in the Crimea.

The remaining chapters of the book will be read by many of our field-officers with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction; and as they peruse the narrative of the Peninsular war in Sir J. McGrigor's pages, they will recognize the truth of the saying—

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

It is not too much to say—for we have the authority of the great Duke himself for saying so—that in his Peninsular campaigns he found a valuable and efficient second in Sir James McGrigor, and one whose administrative ability contributed largely to his splendid successes. On this subject our author writes *con amore*; and his memoranda will be found to throw considerable light on the narratives of the Peninsular war, with which we are familiar through the pages of Alison and Napier. His sketches of such leading events as the siege and storming of Badajoz, the retreat of the army into Portugal, and the battles of Vittoria and Toulouse, are something more than outlines, and show considerable power in the way of literary execution. Indeed, we may safely assert that the autobiography of Sir James McGrigor is one of those books which the future historian (if any such shall arise to improve upon those mentioned above) will be obliged not merely to consult, but to study, if he wishes to gain an acquaintance with the byways and secondary features of that eventful struggle.

At the close of the war Sir James received the honour of knighthood, and was subsequently created a Knight Commander of the Bath, Civil Division; and at the coronation in 1831 he received the still more substantial reward of a baronetcy, in recognition of his services as Director-General of the Army Medical Department; a post which he held from the time of the remodelling of the old Army Medical Board in 1815 down to 1850, when he retired on a well-earned pension in his eightieth year. And though during the whole of that long interval we were involved in no really national war, yet he proved himself no idle or careless official. Concurrently with the discharge of his routine duties, he proceeded to carry out his long-cherished project of instituting a system of medical reports and returns in a form likely to prove useful to the statistician, and which now form a collection of available records, well calculated to advance the true interests of science. The results of his organization are to be seen in a collection of 348 volumes, a complete repertorium of authen-

ticated facts bearing on the health and diseases of armies, barracks, hospitals, epidemics, fevers, mortality, sickness on home and foreign stations, topography, and all other topics which are likely to prove of service to the medical officer and the Quartermaster-General. The value of these returns has been ably set forth in an article published in the *Statistical Journal* in 1856 upon "The Mortality arising from Military Operations," which, after drawing a parallel between the mismanagement of the stores, of clothing, medicine, &c., sent to the Crimea, and those sent to the army in Portugal, of which the one rotted away in Balacava harbour, and the other in the Tagus off Lisbon, the author proceeds as follows:—

"Sir James McGrigor, well known for many years as the Director-General of the Army Medical Board [Department], was at the head of the medical department of the Peninsular army during the latter part of the war, at the conclusion of which he wrote a sketch of the medical history of those campaigns in which he had served. It contains many valuable suggestions as to the preservation of the health of troops on foreign service, and some statistical returns which have been found most useful in determining points which otherwise would have been left in doubt."

Sir James McGrigor deserves credit also for the foundation of the Museum of Anatomy and Natural History at Fort Pitt, Chatham, a most serviceable aid in the education of young men for medical surgery. It has a library attached to it, and we are assured that it was to his unremitting exertions and liberality that both museum and library are indebted for their present flourishing condition. To the great practical foresight so characteristic of his countrymen, and fully inherited by Sir James McGrigor, the army owes the establishment of a Friendly Society and a Medical Benevolent Society: the latter, a charity which offers remedial aid to the widows and orphans of soldiers; the former, an insurance society for the encouragement of that kind of prevention which is proverbially better than all cure—the habit of foregoing a present penny for the sake of a future pound.

Besides the good works above mentioned, Sir James was the author of several publications on professional subjects, which, though scarcely known to the public at large, are in high esteem among those who are judges of the subjects. Thus, in 1801 he presented to the Medical Board at Bombay a *Memoir on the State of Health of the 88th Regiment, and of the Corps attached to it in 1800–1*. In 1808 he published a letter in reply to Dr. Bancroft, who had written some strictures on the fifth report of the Commissioners of Military Inquiry. In 1810 he gave to the world some observations on the fever in the army in Spain, which appeared in the sixth volume of the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, and more recently, in 1838 and 1839, *Statistical Reports on the Sickness, Mortality, &c., of the Troops in the West Indies, the United Kingdom, the Mediterranean, and North America*, prepared from the records of his own department and the War Office returns. The most generally interesting of his works, however, is his *Sketch of the Medical History of the British Army in Spain and Portugal*; and this, as it was the most interesting, so it was also the last, if we except the *Medical Army Reports*, which he issued periodically, till his retirement from active life.

Sir James was an able, indefatigable, and conscientious public servant, and we are glad to know that he was not forgotten by his countrymen. At all events, he was three times elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen; and, as a former alumnus of "Modern Athens," he was presented with the freedom of



the city of Edinburgh. That London may not be wanting in its recognition of his merits, we learn with satisfaction that his bust is placed in Wellington College, and that since the present year commenced, the Government have granted a site for a statue to his memory near Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

This notice, however, would be sadly incomplete, unless we were to place on record the estimate formed by Sir J. McGrigor of the service and system with which he was so long connected. It is as follows:—

"When I now retrospectively estimate in all fairness the state of things as they existed at that time, I confess that I was myself carried away in the vortex of [he should have said, crippled and confined by] the then prevailing routine. Although I did not go to the extreme, as did some of my brethren, I did enough, as I now think on looking back, which I consider absurd. But, like others, I was impelled to this course by mandates from Mr. Knight's deputies at the Board, who directed my attention to the enormous expenditure of salt in the hospital of one regiment, of oatmeal in a second, and of poultices in a third. . . . Mr. Knight's system was much required in the service; it effectually checked profusion and extravagance in regimental hospitals, which had previously existed to a great extent. When pruned, as it now is, of its extravagances, I look upon the system as perfect."

We wonder whether his successors, Sir Andrew Smith, Mr. Alexander, and Dr. Gibson, would be ready to endorse this opinion.

#### WILD LIFE ON THE FJELDS OF NORWAY.\*

MR. WYNDHAM, a nephew of Lord Leconfield, by boiling down his pleasant Norwegian tour into a compact cake of pemmican (273 pages), has produced an honest, unaffected book, full of quiet sporting adventures and sober-coloured glimpses of Norwegian domestic economy. To a man who wishes to wrestle with bears, to skim in snow-shoes after reindeer, or to rough it in the high mountains on flat bread and goat-milk, there can be no better country for him than Norway; and three days from Hull in a screw-steamer will land him at Bergen. The Englishman interested in the history of his own country must necessarily feel a deep desire to see the country from which those rude Norsemen came who helped to people Northumberland, who in the Saxon times went so near to conquer all England, and who, even long after the Conquest, dared to ravage the Isle of Man. They seem still a hardy, independent people, of simple habits, a frank, hospitable, brave, and warlike race. Mr. Wyndham tells many stories to prove the stolid courage of the Norsemen. The following is the best:—

"Bears here, as elsewhere in Norway, are occasionally to be met with; and indeed two had been shot in the neighbourhood by some hunters but a few weeks before my arrival. One of these peasants appeared to be a fine, bold fellow; and a story was told of him that he once came suddenly upon a bear in the woods, but having just discharged his rifle at some other object, he was wholly unprepared for an attack. Whether man or beast first commenced the offensive I cannot recollect, but the result of the fight that ensued was, that the man was knocked down and nearly killed by the bear. 'What were your thoughts,' his friends asked him on his return home, 'when the bear had you down on the ground and was almost killing you?' 'I thought to myself,' was the reply of the undaunted hunter, 'what a great pleasure it would be to meet with the bear once more, when my rifle was loaded.'"

\* *Wild Life on the Fjelds of Norway.* By Francis M. Wyndham. (Longmans.)

Christianity began in Norway with fighting, and even now church-going seems not unassociated with "apostolic blows and knocks." At Sandvig there is a curious old wooden church, after service in which it used once to be the invariable practice of the congregation of armed peasants to marshal themselves into their different districts and have a cheerful and friendly fight. Even now, when the people of one valley go over to meet those of another, their games and trials of strength generally end in a healthy and pleasant scrimmage, that keeps the Norsemen from getting mouldy.

Our "noble sportsman" has not been long in Norway before he is invited to join in a general bear-hunt. The fact that in eight days a bear could hug to death no less than twenty cows, and four out of the number in one night, is a sufficient proof of how certainly the extinction of wild beasts must attend civilization. As the beaver has gone from Wales and the wolf from Scotland, so the bear and glutton will vanish with equal rapidity from Norway. Mr. Wyndham gives but a poor account of the Norwegian peasant's fire-arms. They are so poor and rude that the art of shooting birds flying has never been practised in Norway. Our author says:—

"The weapons of our party were of various descriptions: one man carried a long single-barrelled gun, to which he had lately fitted a new, but very rude, stock; another was armed with a large horse-pistol; while an axe formed the equipment of a third. The apparatus used by the peasants for loading their guns was very complicated, consisting of a powder-horn, stopped at the small end by a peg of wood, and a leather bag containing bullets, suspended from the neck by a string. No measure was used for the powder, the correct quantity being ascertained by observing how far the ramrod projected above the muzzle, more powder being added if it did not stand high enough. A piece of tow was next rammed down and well hammered, after which followed the forcing home of the bullet, an operation the most trying of all to the patience, and attended with the probability of the ramrod snapping in two,—a pleasant crisis when facing a wounded bear. . . .

"With the exception of the peasants of Guldbrandsdalen having reached the refinement of using a measure for powder, the loading of a rifle is almost as complicated here as in the Hardanger district. Some of these powder measures, in shape like a cylindrical needle-case, are made, as Joh's was, of solid silver, but more usually of reindeer horn, and are frequently very pretty little articles. A Norwegian peasant's rifle is a long and ponderous weapon, usually carrying a ball of about twenty-five to the pound; it is poly-grooved, and with a rapid twist, the grooves making sometimes two or three whole turns in the barrel. Such an one was Peter's antiquated weapon, which, however, was not his own property, for he seemed to go shares in it with another peasant. The date upon it was 1747, notwithstanding which it shot well, but it was only adapted for short ranges."

Notwithstanding this, the Norse hunters are known to sometimes kill two bears of an evening; and Mr. Wyndham relates one instance of a single bullet killing three deer at one and the same time. To us, the fact of an intelligent people remaining satisfied for nearly a hundred years with the same wretched and imperfect weapon, when all the world besides were alive to its disadvantages, is a sad proof of that torpidity or dilatoriness which is the great fault in the Norse character.

One of the great objects of every traveller who loves his kind, and who wishes to "make men better, or to leave them so," should be to bring home to his own country some useful invention or clever means of meeting some old want. If every year our travellers brought us some useful invention, and if every year

our not very adaptable nation put to instant use such inventions when fairly tested, English civilization (wealth is not civilization) would advance faster than it does. The following might be found useful by tourists in Wales, the Highlands, or Switzerland:—

"The pack-saddles (*klivsel*) of Norway are curious contrivances, so much so that they have been shown at the Paris exhibitions; and the method of packing the baggage is also peculiar. The *kliv*, in which, or on which rather, the goods to be transported are stowed, consists of a stout stick bent into the shape of a horseshoe, and is thus retained by two or three withes stretching from one side to the other, and forming at the same time a kind of net-work between the sides: to this stick are attached, at intervals, other withes of about two feet long, with loops at the end, through which is passed a long stout cord, usually made of cow's hair. This cord, when all the baggage is laid upon the net-work between the sides of the horse-shoe-formed stick, is pulled tight, thereby drawing the withes together over the baggage, and enclosing it in a net which completely secures it. The *kliv*, having all been packed, were hooked one to each side of a pony, being suspended to the saddle-trees by two loops of withes; a cow's-hair cord then secured the packs together and made them fast to the horse, while another was passed round the chest of the horse to prevent the packs slipping off behind. The whole arrangement being then complete, the caravan moved on."

Here is another invention, that might be found servicable in our dangerous lake navigation:—

"Norwegian boats are peculiarly built; they are almost flat-bottomed, low amidships, but rising high at stem and stern in a sharp curve, both being exactly similar. The rudder is curved to fit the stern, and very narrow; but the want of breadth is compensated by the depth to which it descends into the water: in a transverse direction, through a hole in the top of it, is fixed one end of a flat piece of wood about a foot long, to the other end of which, a stick, of about a yard in length, is attached by a couple of iron loops or staples. This stick the coxswain holds in his hand, under his arm, steering the boat by merely moving the stick longitudinally backwards and forwards. The ordinary mode of steering with a tiller would be impracticable, the steersman's seat being placed rather far forward; so that the end of the tiller would be often far beyond the side of the boat and quite out of reach. One advantage of the Norwegian plan is that the coxswain need never move his body in the smallest degree, whatever may be the position of the rudder."

Mr. Wyndham is very interesting in his stories about the habits of the reindeer. He mentions an instance of a herd of more than one hundred of that shy animal falling from a ledge of snow that overhung a Norwegian precipice, and perishing in their fall. The reindeer is generally found feeding far above the croaking ptarmigan and the willow grouse, on the banks of high, frozen tarns, where the reindeer-plant, a sort of ranunculus, on which they feed, grows. Too often, when the hunter has been lying perhaps for hours in a moraine, waiting for a shot, the wind veers: instantly the deer scent their pursuer, rise up, and leaping rock and torrent, disappear in a moment.

Directly a deer is killed, the hunter, if he cannot remove it at once, must bury it under a pile of stones, or the white foxes and gluttons will leave him not even the bones. The latter savage and voracious beasts have been known to carry away nearly a whole reindeer in three hours. The horns and skull they are especially fond of. The reindeer is a heavier-boned animal than the red-deer of the Highlands, and is if anything larger. It is sometimes found weighing as much as 360 lbs., while the horns of a fine buck are sometimes forty-two inches long and thirty-nine inches across from horn to horn.



From every traveller some addition, however small, is naturally expected to our stock of etymological derivations. Mr. Wyndham adds his pennyworth of observation:—

"Old Norse was Peter's native language, and, many of the words being exactly the same as English (e.g. *timber*, *potatoes*, &c.), where the Danish bears but little or no resemblance, it served frequently as an additional explanatory language.

"No doubt a native of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, or Cumberland, would be able to understand much of the Old Norse without difficulty: for it was in those parts of England that the Northmen seem chiefly to have settled, as is evident from the frequent occurrence of Scandinavian names and terminations of places: e.g.—*by* (a town), *Whithy* (*Hvidby*, white town); *thorpe* (a village), *Copmanshorpe* (*Kjöbmand-thorpe*, merchants' village); *dale* (*dal*), *Wensleydale*; *thwaite* (*teed*, an isolated piece of ground), *Brackenthwaite*; and also from the general use of the words *fell* and *town*, which are undoubtedly of Scandinavian origin."

Now, this is not very profound—for *timber* (*zimmer*) is also German, and *potatoes* is a well-known South American word.

An Englishman must not expect, however, to find luxuries in Norway; he must be of sterner stuff than the zealous young missionary bound for Africa, who told his bishop that he did not care for hardships or climate so long as he got his comfortable chop and potato. The reindeer-hunter's and fisherman's stone huts are small and smoky. Box-beds are not soft. Bags of hard meal make stony pillows. Water with scraped "goaty" cheese in it is not a rich beverage, and potato-brandy is some way behind cognac. But to the healthy man small hardships are pleasures, and are marked with a white stone in the diary of memory.

The increase of travelling is doing no good to Norway, for already the carriage drivers and boatmen get lazy and sometimes exorbitant. Yet still, at every house there is a welcome; and even on the high roads, the doors of "stations" are often left wide open in the dead of night.

As we read this unpretending and honest journal of a sportsman, we fall to thinking almost unconsciously of the natural causes which drove the Norsemen to quit such a barren, stony land, and hollowing out the firs, to launch them and put to sea, in search of richer and fatter soil, where the people were less hardy and more peaceful. Dreary drifts of grey boulder, low tracts of dwarf willow and stunted birch, high hollows where in winter the reindeer scrapes for the moss on which he feeds, stony fields where the ptarmigan never croaks nor the raven is seen, like stormy fjords, may be ardently loved by those who dwell near them, but are certainly not adapted to restrain adventurous men from sacking Somersetshire or loading their galleys with the church plate of Yorkshire convents. There was a time when the hardy Norsemen had to come over to England to plunder Englishmen; there promises soon to be a time, if we do not mistake the diagnosis, when Englishmen will go over to Norway to be plundered by the hardy Norsemen once more. In a word, the golden age of hospitality and frankness must soon disappear from Norway as travelling increases, and food and accommodation grow more in demand.

The two great means of conveyance for the Norwegian traveller, are the *stolkjerre* and the *carriole*, which our author thus describes:—

"A *stolkjerre*—used for agricultural purposes as well as for conveying passengers—is a small two-wheeled vehicle, at the four corners of which are fixed upright iron bars projecting about six inches above the sides; a seat, fastened at right-angles to

two bars of wood, is attached to the cart by inserting the ends of the wooden bars into the eyes of the iron supports. There are no springs, but the elasticity of the wooden bars, supported only at the ends, causes them to act as such, so that the jolting is only comparative to what it would be were one to sit at the bottom of the cart. . . .

"This was my first experience of a *carriole*, which, though the regular conveyance for passengers, is seldom met with in the more remote districts. It is a two-wheeled machine with very long shafts, on which, in front of the axle-tree, is fixed the body, adapted for only one person, and not unlike in shape to a boat cut across near the bows and placed with the open end foremost. The weight being thus balanced between the pony and the axle-tree, the long, elastic shafts supply the place of springs. Baggage is placed on a board, behind the body of the *carriole*, resting on the axle-tree; where also the *skydskarl* seats himself. Small parcels, the traveller usually stows away between his legs, which he stretches out before him and rests on a cross-bar, or on little iron steps for the purpose. For the hilly roads of Norway, few conveyances can be safer than a *carriole*; it is very light, and the body being so low and the shafts so long, in the case of the pony falling, it is but little changed from its horizontal position, and the driver, consequently, runs small risk of being thrown out."

To sum up the defects of the writer of this unpretending book would be ungenerous. Mr. Wyndham is not poetical or descriptive; he has not much humour or much eye for character; but he is intelligent, and, for an amateur writer, by no means verbose or pedantic. We cannot conclude our notice of Mr. Wyndham's book without wishing him for it, "Mange, mange Tak."

#### MERIVALE ON COLONIZATION AND COLONIES.\*

THIS work was originally published twenty years ago, and consisted of a course of lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, in the years 1839, 1840, and 1841. The author then filled the Chair of Political Economy in that University, and the lectures were published in compliance with the terms of its foundation. No apology, however, was needed for trying to extend his audience for these lectures beyond that before which they were at first delivered. Colonial questions were at that time attracting more than ordinary attention, and were pressing for a speedy settlement. It was the duty of every one who had anything to say, to give his contribution to the general stock. Mr. Merivale brought to his task very accurate and scientific knowledge of the principles of Political Economy, an extended acquaintance with the history and circumstances of particular colonies, and great impartiality and candour in the examination of the rival theories, which were then much debated with reference as well to planting new colonies as to governing the old. The book at once took a high place, and has since continued to be a standard work on the subject. In the present edition, the greater part of the original text is retained; but considerable additions have been made to the work in the shape of notes and appendix; and such corrections have been introduced as the experience and results of the last twenty years appeared to render necessary. With reference to the latter point, the author remarks, in his preface, that he has been "forced to signalize, in this revision of former labour, not a few speculations which have turned out erroneous; to recant not a few opinions which have proved unsustainable; and to confess the disappointment of some cherished fancies." But while

he makes this frank confession, he is able at the same time justly to boast that "the leading principles of administrative and commercial policy are such as he has seen no occasion to abandon or to modify."

It has been already stated that the time at which these lectures were delivered was marked by the strong attention which was given to colonial questions. It will be useful to advert to some of the circumstances which gave this turn to the public mind. We shall thus obtain some clue to the principal questions relating to the colonies which then occupied attention, and which we may expect to find discussed in the book before us; and we shall at the same time be reminded how far speculation on this subject had then reached.

The years over which the delivery of these lectures extended exactly coincide with the last three years of the government of the Whigs, and immediately precede Sir Robert Peel's accession to power. Every one whose memory goes back for twenty years remembers the gloomy state of the country at that time. The labourers were starving for want of employment, and as people cannot be content unless they are fed, the poor were in a state bordering on insurrection, and the country was, in fact, kept quiet by military force. The northern counties in particular were in a most alarming condition. Sir Charles Napier was sent to take the command in that district, and he confessed that he never spent a time of greater anxiety. Under these circumstances emigration was anxiously looked to as a means of relieving the country of its redundant population and thus improving the condition of the remainder. The theory was simple enough. Diminish the number of persons amongst whom a certain sum is to be divided and you thereby increase the share of each. Send a number of labourers and their families to Australia or Canada, and the wages of those that are left behind will rise. But to effect any considerable alteration in the relations between labour and capital, a very extensive emigration would be required; and Mr. Merivale doubted, in 1841, whether much relief could be obtained in that way. He admitted the strong impulse after the "distant and unseen" that exists in the minds of Englishmen, and that its force is strengthened by our associations:—

"Masters of every sea, and colonists of every shore, there is scarcely a nook which our industry has not rendered accessible, scarcely a region to which the eye can wander in the map, in which we have not some object of national interest—some factory for our trade, some settlement of our citizens. It is a sort of instinctive feeling to us all, that the destiny of our name and nation is not here, in this narrow island which we occupy; that the spirit of England is volatile, not fixed; that it lives in our language, our commerce, our industry, in all those channels of inter-communication, by which we embrace and connect the vast multitude of States, both civilized and uncivilized, throughout the world."

But notwithstanding this spirit, the practical difficulties of emigration *en masse* from an old country across the ocean, appeared to Mr. Merivale so great, that he was induced to place this amongst the other "economical nostrums for the grievances of society," which ignorant persons were in the habit of glibly enumerating. But now he is ready to confess that the events of 1847 and the following years in Ireland have very much disconcerted his conjectures, and gone near to justify the results that were anticipated by the advocates of emigration, as a relief to the population at home. Owing, however, to the improved condition of the country, this question has, for the present,

\* *Lectures on Colonization and Colonies.* By Herman Merivale. New Edition. (Longmans.)



lost the pressing importance which it had in 1841.

But during the years of which we are speaking, another question began to assume such large proportions as to cast all others in the shade. While some persons were proposing to help the working classes by thinning their numbers, others, with wider views, were discussing plans which would increase the productiveness of labour and capital, and thereby the fund from which labourers were paid. There was a heavy weight, they said, placed on the springs of our industry, which must be removed. Nowhere were these restrictions so numerous and so injurious as in the Colonial trade. It was impossible, in the midst of the free-trade discussions which were then everywhere prevailing, to avoid devoting some space to the consideration of that set of restrictions and prohibitions with reference to Colonial trade commonly called the "Colonial System." No part of Mr. Merivale's book is done with more admirable force and clearness than this. He argued in 1841 that the whole system of prohibitions with reference to Colonial trade should be done away, and did not hesitate to declare that their maintenance was not much longer practicable. "We stand," he said, "in respect of economical philosophy, as well as on other matters, on the very verge of time, between two distinct eras." The change came, perhaps, sooner than he anticipated. The very next year the first cautious steps were taken by Sir Robert Peel in breaking down that system, and it has since been abolished, piece by piece. Mr. Gladstone had the honour of finishing what Sir Robert Peel commenced; and the last vestige of the Colonial System was removed last year, by the equalization of the duties on foreign and colonial timber. It is worthy of remark that the first edition of Mr. Merivale's book appeared while the "Colonial System" was entire, the very year before the first stone was removed, and that the second edition has appeared the year after its destruction was completed. Mr. Merivale has, we think, done wisely in retaining this discussion in the present edition, although, as regards this country, it is practically out of date. Besides its historical interest, such disquisitions are still much needed. The principles on which we have acted for the last twenty years require to be preserved and diffused, or there may be danger of going back. Protection never had stouter defenders than those that fought under the last rag of its banner in 1860. Truth certainly has prevailed, but one may well doubt whether the principles of free trade are yet extensively understood. We believe the number of real free-traders is not so great as is commonly supposed. After reading the debates of this year and the last in the House of Commons, and listening to the speeches of persons who are supposed to hold free-trade views, a genuine free-trader is almost tempted to come to the conclusion of the prophet, and exclaim, "I, even I, only am left."

The two subjects which have been already alluded to,—the relief obtained from pressure of population by the act of *colonizing*, and the advantages to be derived from trading with the colonies after they are formed,—both refer to the effects of colonization on the wealth and industry of the mother country, and appear to embrace the whole of the economical benefits which a country may thus receive.

The more important division of the subject remains, and relates to "the economical development of the colonies, and the causes by which their advance may be retarded or accelerated." It ought to be observed that throughout this work the term colony is used in its ancient and

proper sense, as representing a territory of which the soil is principally owned by settlers from the mother country, and not in that which is now general, according to which it comprehends every species of foreign possession. The problem, therefore, which is here proposed is to ascertain how the mother country may best use her power in creating thriving communities of her own people in territories previously in a state of nature. To this part of the subject Mr. Merivale devotes nearly two-thirds of his whole volume. Here will be found a very complete and interesting discussion of Mr. Wakefield's scheme of colonization. This scheme had been partially put in practice in the foundation of the South Australian colonies, and is still followed with greater or less modifications in all our colonies in that part of the world. When these lectures were delivered, the merits and defects of this scheme were debated with extraordinary eagerness. By its author and his partisans it was elevated to the rank of a first-rate discovery in the management of colonies, and as constituting, in fact, in itself the "art of colonization." And it was denied that the ill success which attended the first attempts at founding the colony of South Australia was any proof of the failure of the theory, for it was alleged that in that trial some of the essential parts of the scheme had been left out. It is impossible, in the compass of a few sentences, to give any idea of Mr. Merivale's elaborate examination of this scheme, but it may be worth while to give some account of the theory itself. Adam Smith dismisses the subject of the prosperity of new settlements with great brevity, by attributing that prosperity to one chief cause,—*"plenty of good land."* The abundance of produce, he says, would attract labour and capital; but experience has not justified this statement, especially in the very beginning of infant settlements. Scarcity of labour has been the great difficulty with which these have had to contend in those colonies where neither convict labour nor slave labour was to be had. The capital at the command of the colonists has not been sufficient to supply the requisite amount. Besides, when labourers have been obtained they will not continue to work for wages if land can be had for little or nothing, but will spread themselves over the country wherever good land is to be had, and even remove to fresh spots when they have exhausted their original farms. The objects sought to be obtained by Mr. Wakefield were therefore two,—first, to supply the colonists with labourers; and next, to prevent the population from spreading over a wide and scattered surface. These objects he endeavoured to effect by selling the new lands of the colony at a "sufficiently high" price, and by employing the whole of the money derived from these sales in introducing labourers from the mother country or other well-peopled regions.

According to this theory, the price of the land was to be fixed at the amount which would supply to the purchaser the necessary quantity of labour. This was the meaning of the phrase a "sufficiently high" price.

"There is a certain ratio between the supply of labour in the market and the surface of land under cultivation, by which the greatest quantity of produce will be raised. If you miss this ratio either way, you fall into the evils, on the one side, of an under-peopled country, in which the land is scratched, and the population scattered; in the other, of an over-peopled country, in which the competition of labourers reduces wages to a minimum. To keep up always the proper ratio, you must keep the ratio constant between the emigration of hireable labourers and the price of unsold land; and this must be done by first fixing the just price, and then de-

termining to apply the whole of that price to emigration."

This seems to be a perfectly fair statement of Mr. Wakefield's views, and it appears to have an affectation of mathematical exactness, which it would be quite impossible to carry out in practice. The conclusion to which Mr. Merivale comes, after a most able examination of this celebrated theory, is, that if we divest it of the too exact form in which it has been presented, and consider its principles as confined to the sale of land at as high prices as can reasonably be obtained, and the strict devotion of the proceeds to a few essential purposes, of which the supply of labour is one, "we cannot fail of being struck with its simplicity, its facility of adaptation, its high practical utility."

The discussion of Mr. Wakefield's theory introduces two of the most important questions that affect infant settlements—the mode of supplying labour, and the disposal of public lands. A high authority has stated that the latter is "the function of authority most full of good or evil consequences." Three systems have at different times prevailed: the system of free grant, which formerly existed in our North American colonies; the system of sale at low prices, as in the United States; and the system of sale at high prices, which is now carried out in our South Australian colonies. On the merits of these various systems much valuable information will be found in Mr. Merivale's work. Mr. Merivale concludes this part of his subject by a history of the colony of South Australia, which was founded in 1836, and was the first that was established under the new system. We give his concluding remarks:—

"Let us suppose that its land had been given away, or sold at low prices; those who are still sceptical as to the policy of the present system may ask, whether the purchasers would not in that case have retained more of their capital in their pockets, and been able to provide labour for themselves? The answer is, in the first place, that capitalists would not have got the land at all; it would have been appropriated for the most part by numerous and poor settlers, if these had equal chances of obtaining it with the rich; and, in the next place, the few capitalists who might have settled there could not by their insulated efforts have procured labour half so cheaply or effectually as Government has been able to do it for them; besides the other advantages which the territory has derived from the partial application of its land fund to other branches of necessary expenditure."

One topic remains to be mentioned; and that, perhaps, the most important of all. The last subject discussed in the book before us is the nature of the connection that ought to subsist between the mother country and her colonies, or the amount of supervision which the Imperial Government ought to exercise. On this point, our colonial policy has gone through remarkable changes. In our early American colonies, self-government was the rule, trade being the only subject in which the Government at home interfered. The progress of higher doctrines, as to the supremacy of the mother country, led to the American Revolution. In our later colonies, a far greater degree of control was exercised in the formation of their constitutions, and in their internal arrangements, than was ever attempted in the case of our original North American colonies. The power exercised by the mother state in the disposal of the waste lands, and in the reservation of land for the Church establishment, are sufficient instances. Even at the time when these lectures were written, though most of the colonies had free legislatures, yet their executive government was retained within imperial control; and the Colonial Office showed the utmost jea-



lousy of any attempts at diminishing its power. Circumstances, and the progress of speculative thought on this question, have proved too strong for the traditions of the Colonial Office. The last twenty years have witnessed as great a change in this part of our colonial policy, as in that relating to trade. Each is now governed by its own legislature and executive, and the veto of the Crown and of the Parliament, is only exercised on questions which concern the empire. We say to our colonies: Sustain yourselves, govern yourselves, trade with whom you will, and as you will; we will defend you against hostile aggression, and the only restriction we impose is—you must not fight without our permission. In the single matter of foreign policy, the Colonies are governed by the Mother State. There can, we think, be little doubt but that it is desirable to preserve this bond of connection, slight as it is. The advantages of trade with the Colonies might be equally enjoyed if they were separated from us; but there are other benefits, besides the economical ones, in our Colonial Empire.

#### PUCK ON PEGASUS.\*

To be funny without being vulgar, to tell a story with gestures and yet not become a buffoon, to parody a poet and yet retain the flavour of his real poetry, to turn all the finest feelings of the heart into fun and yet not to be coarse or unfeeling, is not granted by Apollo to every writer of humorous poems. Nature, when she dips her favoured sons into the enchanted water, generally leaves some vulnerable heel that serves to remind them of their humanity, as the clubfoot reminded Byron. In plain words we mean, that comic poets, like all other poets (and prosers), have their shortcomings.

As the *Iliad* is but a great fragment after all, as Spenser is sometimes tedious, as Butler is sometimes cloying, as Shakespeare is for a line or two bombastic and then for a page or two over-subtle and strained in his quips, as Mrs. Browning is sometimes affected, Mr. Browning sometimes obscure, and Tupper sometimes feeble, so is Ingoldsby sometimes vulgar and unfeeling, Bon Gaultier sometimes below the average, and Præd sometimes elegant yet flimsy, and graceful without being either vigorous or passionate.

The comic clergyman without a heart who wrote the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and poor Tom Hood, who "made more puns and spit more blood than any man in England," have been quite the creators of a school of writing; and of this school Mr. Pennell is a young and imitative, but still a most promising, acolyte. Though proverbially grave in our amusement, though not a *toujours gai* or demonstrative people, our literature proves that the English have at the present time more active and predominating humour than any nation in the world, past or present. Greek jokes are poor flabby things; as for the Romans, they were majestic, stern cut-throats; but the English—the English have been the Prometheuses to people the world with Falstaffs, Hudibrases, Joe Millers, Pickwicks, and Mr. Briggses.

Mr. Pennell is not at present a creator of new comic creatures, but he is an excellent parodyist, an ingenious punster, a reviver and modifier of existing systems of fun, a vigorous worker of veins of humour not yet carried far enough, and promises to be a future rival, without plagiarism, of Bon Gaultier and some of the best *Punch* writers. To mention

that he is still young is to say that he has not yet the art or patience to invent and carry through a complete story like Ingoldsby, or the occasionally profound thought and feeling of Tom Hood, who was not merely a humourist, but also a poet.

Mr. Pennell's book is certainly born with a silver spoon in its mouth; so glowing is the Tyrian purple of its binding, so radiant are the hobgoblins that scamper like mice about its covers; while the thick, cream paper, and the sharp, clear, bright type are quite cautions to Caxton. Of all the poems, we like best "The Night Mail North," which has a singular weird power about it, that takes a hold on the imagination. The following verses are excellent in rhythm:—

Now then, take your seats! for Glasgow and the North;  
Chester—Carlisle!—Holyhead, and the wild Frith of Forth.  
Clap on the steam, and sharp's the word  
You men in scarlet cloth:  
Are there any more passengers?  
For the Night Mail, to the North!

Are there any more passengers?  
Yes three—but they can't get in,  
Too late, too late!—How they bellow and knock,  
They might as well try to soften a rock  
As the heart of that fellow in green.

What's all that hullabaloo?  
Keep fast the gates there—who is this  
That insists on bursting thro'?

A desperate man, when none may withstand,  
For look, there is something clench'd in his hand—  
Tho' the bearer is ready to drop—  
He waves it wildly to and fro.

And hark! how the crowd are shouting below—  
Back! Back!—  
And back the opposing barriers go,  
A reprieve for the Canongate murderer Ho!

In the Queen's name—STOP!  
Another has confessed the crime.

Whish—rush—whish—rush—  
The Guard has caught the flutt'ring sheet,  
Now forward and northward! fierce and fleet,  
Thro' the mist and the dark and the driving sleet.

As if life and death were in it,  
Is a splendid race! a race against Time,  
And a thousand to one we win it.

Look at those flitting ghosts—  
The white-arm'd finger posts—  
If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,  
We're going a mile a minute!

A mile a minute—for life or death—  
Away, away! tho' it catches one's breath,  
The man shall not die in his wrath!  
The quivering carriages rock and reel—  
Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel!

The thund'ring clank, and the mighty wheel!—  
Are there any more passengers?  
For the Night Mail, to the North!

"Lord Jollygreen's Courtship" is a well-written parody on a well-known poem of Mrs. Browning, who will be the first to laugh at her humorous Frankenstein. Next best is, perhaps, the "Sayers and Heenan Fight," a very vigorous imitation of Lord Macaulay's *Roman Ballads*. There is a great rush and gallop about "The Derby Day." The lines at the end are not unworthy of Hood's playful thoughtfulness:—

He fell like a tramp in the foremost place—  
He died with the rushing wind on his face—  
At the wildest bound of his glorious pace—  
In the mad exulting revel!

He left his shoes to his son and heir,  
His hocks to a champagne dealer at Ware,  
A look of his hair  
To the Lady-Mare,

And his hoofs and his tail—to the  
Among the faults of the book we may mention the triviality of some of the poems, and the too frequent repetition of the sham-serious poem with the comic surprise in the last line. The illustrations are exceedingly good, and make the bright little unpretending volume quite a work of art. The frontispiece, with Puck on the rocking-horse Pegasus is worthy of Cruikshank's etching-needle in his best days,

and so are the little animalcule groups that are served up round. Next to this in merit comes Leech's graceful drawing of the belle floating down the river buoyed up by crinoline; which has all Leech's best qualities, without being genteelly meretricious. His Recruiting Sergeant and elopement scene are ill drawn; and Phiz is very happy and imaginative in his skeleton chasing the man with a reprieve, and the Tartar whose tremendous tail is strung with mischievous boys.

#### WHATELY'S LECTURES AND REVIEWS.\*

THE appearance of a new volume by Archbishop Whately is a phenomenon which may be regularly calculated upon in the literary heavens. It is our firm persuasion, that Archbishop Whately is the most sensible living man in the whole world. Tennyson himself is not more supreme in the realm of poetry than Whately in the realm of sober sense. His whole writings are pervaded by the *lumen sciencie* of the Baconian philosophy. His whole life has been a crusade against ambiguous terms and faulty premises. Any part of his writings might form a piece of a treatise on logic. Sidney Smith's model bishop entertained sound views on the Middle Voice: our Archbishop is most orthodox respecting the Middle Term. But assigning to common sense all the importance that sensible people demand for it, the pre-eminent possession of this faculty is not unaccompanied by corresponding disadvantages. Common sense, although it is in reality very uncommon, is not the first, second, or third attribute in importance. Archbishop Whately is a case in point. He fails to evoke our sympathies or arouse our enthusiasm. He is deficient in power, imagination, and the faculty of eloquent expression. His admirable reasoning proves rather somnolent; and when he relapses, somewhat grimly, into humour, his mirth partakes of the character of elephantine playfulness. For so very sensible a man, moreover, we think that Dr. Whately is committing a prevalent error. He is producing too fast. There is an indefinite amount of sameness about his works. One book becomes a reproduction of other books, and in the same book one part is a reproduction of another part. The Archbishop probably thinks that not a single particle of the precious gold-dust should be lost. Whether, however, he is counselling most truly for the preservation of the great fame he has acquired, is, in our estimation, an open question.

The volume consists of two portions,—of lectures which have been delivered at various places, and of reviews that have appeared in certain periodicals. We think that the first portion much transcends the latter in interest and in value. The reviews furnish us with several instances of an author's unwillingness to extirpate anything that he has once composed. A long article on transportation is reprinted, although transportation is now a settled question. A review of Miss Austin's novels is reprinted, containing a *résumé* of the story and copious extracts, although all judicious readers of fiction are now familiar with Miss Austin's tales. With this part of the article we could certainly have dispensed; in other respects the article embodies much excellent criticism of great worth. It is somewhat amusing to find a grave archbishop discussing what he terms "the once powerful God of Love." He quite endorses the ladies' com-

\* *Puck on Pegasus*. By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. Illustrated by Leech, Phiz, &c. (London: Hotten.)

\* *Lectures and Reviews*. By Richard Whately, D.D. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.)



plaint, that the young men are growing mercenary, and aptly quotes the lines—

"Venit enim magnum donandi parca Juventus,  
Nec tantum Veneris quantum studiosa culinae."

The archbishop investigates the theory of the novel to much purpose, and makes abundant use of Aristotle. He attaches a higher idea to the novel than has been exemplified by the aims of most novelists. The archbishop is anxious, as it becomes an archbishop to be, that a novel should have a religious effect; but he rightly insists that this effect should be left to collect itself from the story itself, and should not be studiously brought forward and dwelt upon. He also protests against the "providential coincidences" that are to be found in "good" stories. This is not only faulty and clumsy, but also is not consistent with the novelist's good intentions; "the personages either of fiction or history being then only profitable examples when their good or ill conduct meets its appropriate reward, not from a sort of independent machinery of accidents, but as a necessary or probable result, according to the ordinary course of affairs." Aristotle has pointed out the relation which epic and tragic poetry bear to history, and Whately points out the similar relation which fiction bears to biography. It gives the general instead of the particular, and the probable instead of the true. Fiction "concentrates, as it were, into a small compass, the net result of wide experience." If the view of Aristotle is correct, that poetry is more philosophical than history, it follows by parity of reasoning that fiction is more philosophical than biography. The reason is, that the novelist can lay down general rules, free from the accidental irregularities that real life presents, can guide the judgment, can supply an artificial experience. This kind of fiction, however, is rare enough; it is that which might have been written by the novelists of the Utopia or New Atlantis. The succeeding paper is one on the *Juvenile Library*, another instance of the extraordinary grasp and versatility of the writer's powers. We remember the author's affection for *Sandford and Merton*, and the admirable use he has made of that work so dear to ingenious youth. We may here remark, that the educational value of Dr. Whately's writings is something very great, and we could wish they were as well known in our schools as in our universities. He comments on the peculiar power which children possess of learning words, and advises that facts, dates, names, and matters of rote should be acquired in childhood, and leave riper years for more important studies. Here, again, Dr. Whately is severe upon the stupid good intentions of well-meaning people. He holds out for a warning our venerable friend Mrs. Trimmer. That worthy matron tells young people that she is grieved to be obliged to kill the poor chickens; but if she did not, the chickens would consume all the wheat and barley, and she would die, and finally that the chickens would die themselves. An intelligent child soon detects the obvious error. We don't kill horses lest we should be overstocked with them. We kill chickens because we keep them in order to be killed; because, to use Mrs. Tulliver's expressive language, chickens "want killing."

Among the lectures we have one on Paley's works and one on Bacon's Essays, which, of course, can be compared with the author's own edition of the *Evidences* and the *Moral Philosophy*, and of Bacon's *Essays*. As contrasted with Paley's pellucid style, Dr. Whately is very severe against the "grandiloquent absurdity" of some modern schools. Such writers are like a pool whose bottom is invisible, not

because it is deep, but because it is muddy. Newman's Lectures on the Church are quoted as an instance: the school of spasmodic poets would furnish further examples. Such writers are entitled Children of the Mist. He says to them, as Falstaff says to Pistol, "If thou hast any tidings, prithee deliver them like a man of this world." In another lecture, exemplifying the unnecessary repetition to which we have alluded, the Archbishop returns to the charge. By a felicitous image he compares the "dark sayings" of such writers to fog-banks at sea, which in the distance appear mountain chains, but prove to be mere masses of insubstantial vapour. All these papers abound with acute remarks and admirable distinctions. One of them we would especially commend to certain theological sects. It is pointed out that no word answering to "conversion" is ever employed by the sacred writers in reference to a baptized Christian. There must be a difference between the conversion of the heathen and the conversion of him who "from a child has known the Holy Scriptures." Different words should therefore be used: some painful fallacies might arise from this confusion of thought. In the Lecture on Instinct Dr. Whately points out that as there is a sense in which instinct is predicated of man, so also in a measure reason cannot be denied to the brute creation. He gives instances in which a cat and a dog have obviously accomplished a syllogism. The difference, he concludes, is this, that man uses arbitrary signs, employs language as an instrument of thought. The point is illustrated, after Dr. Whately's peculiar fashion, by pages upon pages of quotation from his own *Elements of Logic*. We shall be glad to hear that Dr. Whately is devoting his attention to the great Gorilla controversy. The opening lecture of the series, "On the Intellectual and Moral Influences of the Professions on the Character," opens up a variety of very interesting considerations, which might with great advantage be elucidated at much greater detail. This is characteristic of Archbishop Whately. He embarks upon a subject of great importance, but his attention being diverted by other subjects of great importance, he fails to afford an exhaustive and even satisfactory treatment. Such, for instance, was his work, *The Parish Priest*, issued last summer, which, as a consequence, cannot for a moment compete in value with the late Professor Blunt's excellent production on the same subject. In reference to the clergy, we are told, but could wish the point was brought out more clearly, of the demoralization produced by the voluntary system.

The theological aspect of the present work is important and unmistakable, as we have already indicated, and possesses much value from its eminently candid and enlightened tone. In the article on the origin of civilization, we have some remarks on the "savage" stage; the word savage, we are reminded, means wandering in the woods, *selvaggio*. At this point, Dr. Whately is most severe in his denunciations of those who oppose discussion and inquiry, from a timid apprehension lest such should prove perilous to faith. He holds, with Humboldt and Niebuhr, that the savage state is the remains of a society that has sunk, not of a society that is dawning. Supposing that that theory of Development holds, which Lamarck originally propounded, Darwin perfected, and Chaillu's work has revived; supposing that the animalcule is transmuted into ape, and from ape into man, he still holds that there is an insurmountable difficulty in tracing the savage state to the civilized state. He quotes the Greek proverb; this "breaks the

water-pitcher at the very threshold." This portion of Dr. Whately's volume is very ingenious, and has much present value. We may also mention another article among those which have a polemical and apologetic character. We mean the paper on the Jews. He brings out a point on which theological writers have scarcely laid sufficient stress, that the Jews are in themselves a standing evidence of miracle and prophecy. A sceptical acquaintance of the Archbishop's acknowledged to him, that though he saw objections to the common arguments for Christianity, yet, the state of the Jews completely perplexed him, and was unaccountable on the supposition that the Scriptures were not true. In reference to sceptical arguments, our author has something to say respecting an old number of *The Westminster*. The writer urged as an objection to revelation, that in the second of Chronicles the Jews do not know that the diameter of a circle differs from a third of its circumference. The rejoinders are obvious. First, a compliance with popular language does not prove real ignorance; the reviewer might talk of a setting sun, and yet not suppose that the sun really sets. Secondly, if the inspired writer was ignorant of the geometrical truth, this does not disprove a divine revelation. We think that the controversy respecting the first chapter of Genesis may be viewed in the light of these arguments. The Archbishop has done well in thus commenting on this instance, although, unfortunately, we have pretty much the same thing all over again in another part of the book.

A paper on the present state of Egypt is interesting, and ought to be popular. It consists pretty nearly of an account of some statements made to the Archbishop by some of his friends who had been residing in Egypt. It gives a harrowing narrative of the miseries endured by the Fellahin (the plural of Fellah), the mixed race of Copt and Arab constituting the bulk of the Egyptian population. It contains a vivid argument in favour of a constitutional government, supported by illustrations drawn from an opposite state of things. The poor people have now, almost literally, as in the days of Pharaohs, to make bricks without straw. The speculation prevalent, the insecurity of life and property, the impressment of soldiers, the recklessness and want of public spirit, are set forth, and the consequent lessons to ourselves, in a manner which is quite animated, for the Archbishop. He points out what has been often noticed in the case of individuals,—how an extreme tenderness for animals is associated with an utter disregard for the sanctity of human life. Our readers will recollect Count Fosco. Differing from European countries, the children of the poor live, while the children of the rich die; the reason is the seclusion of the children through fear of the evil eye. The present Viceroy, however, has an English nurse, who excites considerable sensation by taking her charge out for the air. The final essay in the book is "On the Supposed Dangers of a Little Learning," alluding to Pope's celebrated line. We are told that in the first place the danger can be obviated, and in the next, all learning is little. We think an ingenious volume might be written, exposing the sounding fallacies found in Pope's brilliant and diamond-like couplets. Perhaps, however, these are too small flies for the ponderous wheel of an Archbishop. At this point we must pause. Our readers will find the book, upon the whole, very interesting, and very suggestive both in what it says and in what it leaves unsaid.



## LIFE AND OPINIONS OF LORD GREY.\*

We cannot possibly know too much about our great Parliamentary statesmen. It is a great thing to be able to show that in order to sway the councils of a great people, and effect fundamental reforms in an ancient and venerable constitution, it is not necessary to be a Bolingbroke or a Walpole, a Mirabeau or a Talleyrand. That domestic virtue and political ability may be found together, is a truth that cannot be too widely circulated; but since the days of the Romans, we have not overflowed with examples of it. Lord Grey, however, was really a kind of modern Cincinnatus: at once the saviour of his country, the husband of his wife, and the father of his children; and we are really grateful to the gallant General who has published the volume now before us for this welcome addition to the Gallery of British Worthies.

In the present volume, the account of Lord Grey's life and opinions (the author warns us at the outset not to expect a connected "Life" of his father, though he speaks of a possible future biography, of the first volume of which this would form the groundwork), is carried to 1817, "when the alliance which for upwards of eleven years had subsisted between the Whigs and the Grenvilles was finally dissolved." A very interesting supplementary chapter gives the only details of his private life which, except incidentally, are to be found in the book, and some extracts from his letters to Lady Grey, which show, in the words of his son, his fondness for his home, and his distaste for the turmoil of politics. "Even these are insufficient," the author says, "to make him thoroughly known as I should wish the world to know him, and as he was known to his family, in all the beauty of his character; his noble and generous nature, the indulgent kindness of his disposition, his tender affectionate heart!" The eldest son of General Sir Charles Grey, he was born at Fallodon, in Northumberland, in 1764, and was sent first, at six years old, to a school in Marylebone, of which he always spoke with the utmost horror; then to Eton and Cambridge, at both which places he was distinguished for scholarship, though he never had a good opinion of the then system of either, and used to say he had learnt almost all he knew after leaving college. He then travelled on the Continent in the suite of the Duke of Cumberland, and on his return in 1786 was elected member for his county, which he represented till 1807. Addington (in a letter to his father), describing his maiden speech, says,—

"We had a glorious debate last night upon the motion for an address of thanks to the King for having negotiated the Commercial Treaty, &c. A new speaker presented himself to the House, and went through his first performance with an *éclat* which has not been equalled within my recollection. His name is Grey. He is not more than twenty-two years of age; and he took his seat (for Northumberland) only in the present session. I do not go too far in declaring that in the advantage of figure, voice, elocution, and manner, he is not surpassed by any member of the House; and I grieve to say that he was last night in the ranks of Opposition, from whence there is no chance of his being detached."

This was a true prophecy, for, says the author—

"Though even some months after, Mr. Fox declared in the course of debate that he 'did not yet consider Mr. Grey as a party man,' (expressing,

\* *Some Account of the Life and Opinions of Charles, Second Earl Grey.* By his Son, Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Grey. (Bentley.)

however, his hope that he would soon become so, my father does not appear himself to have hesitated for a moment as to his future course. He attached himself at once to that eminent man and the party of which he was the chief, as the exponents of those great principles of well-regulated and constitutional liberty, from his allegiance to which he never, in the course of a long public career, swerved for a single instant."

When Burke seceded at the head of a section of the party, alarmed by the French Revolution, Fox urging Parliamentary reform as the path of safety (as the *Anti-Jacobin* says)—

Erskine, Sheridan, and Grey  
Fought stoutly by his side."

He had taken part in conducting the impeachment of Warren Hastings, having charge of Cheyt Singh's case in Westminster Hall. In 1792 he joined with Lord John Russell (afterwards Duke of Bedford), Erskine, Sir Philip Francis, and many others, in forming the Society of the Friends of the People. This step was not directly countenanced by Fox, and would, perhaps, have been prevented by him, but that he said, "He did not like discouraging the young ones." Some of the members had views very different from Grey's, as he afterwards found; and we may conclude that he afterwards often regretted his connection with them, from his saying once, "During his last illness, when no longer able to walk, he used to be wheeled about in a chair,"—"stopping, as he often did, before Mr. Fox's bust, and speaking of the influence he had held over him,"—"Yet he did not always use it as he might have done—one word from him would have kept me out of all the mess of the Friends of the People, but he never spoke it."

As to the French revolutionary régime:—

"There was no man," he said, in the course of the discussions to which the events in France gave rise, "who abhorred more than he did their present government. He thought the government of France was what it has been called by a right honourable friend of his (Mr. Fox), a furious and a rigid tyranny. Furious and rigid it certainly was, and the last form of government under which he would wish to live. He had rather live under Caligula or Nero, than under the present government of France."

He was strongly opposed, however, to the coercive measures of Mr. Pitt's Government. When, under the new construction of treason, Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall were tried at the Old Bailey in 1794, and the prosecutions "resulted, as political prosecutions of this nature generally have done in England, in the acquittal of all the prisoners," he writes to Lady Grey:—

"The only thing I have omitted, is the arraignment of the prisoners for high treason this morning at the Old Bailey. They all pleaded not guilty. . . . Horne Tooke made a speech on the subject, which he introduced by saying, 'My lord, you as yet do not know what imprisonment is.' When he was asked, as is usual, how he would be tried? he shook his head and said, 'I would be tried by God and my country.' . . . The first trial, which will be Hardy's, comes on on Tuesday. I believe I shall attend it in order to learn how to conduct myself when it comes to my turn. You see by these new constructions of treason, they have found a much better way of disposing of obnoxious persons, than by sending them to Botany Bay; and one which will save both you and me a great deal of trouble. I am not, however, very ambitious of being classed even with Algernon Sydney."

He had great fears for the safety of the State under this fever of coercion:—

"Such have been in general," he adds, "the last efforts of expiring governments, and they only accelerate the conclusion. God grant that the effect

which experience proves, in most countries, to have followed from such causes, may not happen in this. —I think the whole proceeding equally wicked and impolitic, and these men, alive or dead, who are now under trial, will be more dangerous than they were before."

When the hatred of French principles in this country had gradually been transformed into a dread of French invasion, Lord Grey's opinions became less remote from those of Government. He did not think the dangers apprehended from "that unhappy man," as George III. called Napoleon, entirely chimerical. But still he was so far committed to the system of opposition established by Mr. Fox, that he could never find it in his heart to give a cordial approval to the Peninsular war. He acknowledged, indeed, afterwards, that he had always underrated the genius of the Duke of Wellington; and he might, if he had chosen, have justified his incredulity by that of the Government, who do not appear, with the single exception of Mr. Canning, to have appreciated in any adequate degree the great soldier who was fighting for them.

That in the various party complications which ensued between the death of Mr. Fox and the final establishment of Lord Liverpool's administration Lord Grey should have regulated his conduct according to the traditions of his party, is matter, not for blame, but for praise. If parliamentary government is, as Sir G. C. Lewis has recently asserted, inseparable from party government, then who preserves the high character and consistency of party connections the most free from blemish is the most entitled to our respect. Lord Grey, in adhering in 1811 to the Whig doctrine of the Regency, laid down in 1788, did more good by his loyalty to the ancient faith, than he did harm by the support of an unpopular opinion. Similarly, we must respect the unbending independence which prompted his remonstrance to the Prince Regent, on the occasion of Sheridan's state paper being preferred to his own and Lord Grenville's. Right or wrong, here we see the regular old Rockingham Whig, the determined opponent of "secret influence," speaking out. Finally, in his views upon the nature of "coalitions," Lord Grey laid down principles which statesmen of all parties, Whig, Tory, or Radical, would do well always to bear in mind. In these several transactions nothing strikes us more strongly than Lord Grey's conspicuousness as a man of the purest honour. He was as impervious to the action of intrigue, as marble to the rays of the sun. The mere possession of office he disliked as much as Lord Derby does. He would never abate one jot of his own pretensions for the sake of any "arrangement" that could be proposed to him. He constantly refused to take office on condition of suspending his own opinions. He was tried on the death of the Duke of Portland, and again on the death of Mr. Percival: but it was no use. He steadily set his face against the system of constructing ministries on "a principle of counteraction," and in that view we heartily concur with him; and though we cannot agree with the Whig doctrine of the Regency, of which he was so zealous an adherent, we can heartily sympathize with the indignation he entertained at the behaviour of the Prince of Wales. As it is but a few weeks ago since the two different theories on this subject were described in our review of Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, we need not recur to that point now. But we learn for the first time from Lord Grey's *Life*, that Sheridan was trying to play the part of "king's friend" to the Prince Regent, and evidently bent on exciting his jealousy, which seems to have been no



difficult task, against the great Whig aristocracy.

The difference of opinion which finally severed the connection between Lord Grey and Grenville, sprang out of the conduct of Government after Buonaparte's escape from Elba. Lord Grey did not much approve of the new European coalition; but that circumstance alone was not sufficient to sever him from his old friend. It was after 1816, when the Government thought proper to repress the popular discontent by suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and by a generally coercive policy, that the severance became complete: Grenville, of course, adhering to the traditions of Mr. Pitt, and Lord Grey to those of Mr. Fox. Their disunion, for the time, gave great additional solidity to the Government ranks, and the House of Grenville earned its reward in the dual coronet bestowed upon the Marquis of Buckingham. But it was impossible to finally resist the strong impetus towards domestic reforms which had seized upon the popular mind. The Grey policy ultimately triumphed; and all that the House of Grenville contributed to the Tory cause in '32 was the celebrated "Chandos Clause," which was, in reality, the most revolutionary feature of the whole Reform Bill.

But we have already overleaped the limits of the present volume, which stops at 1817; that is, as far as the political career of Lord Grey is concerned. But a very interesting supplementary chapter is added, giving full details of his domestic life, and showing us the great statesman playing the part of Peterborough at Twickenham, and laying aside the thunderbolts of the senate to take long walks with his children, or chat with his woodcutter, at Howick. Howick was the centre of his affections. He made it what it now is. There is (says his biographer) scarcely a tree there that he did not plant, or a winding walk that he did not lay out. He was a pattern father, husband, and landlord, as well as a genuine English gentleman and a far-sighted English statesman; and every Tory may well say of him—

"Cum talis es, utinam noster fulsus."

## AMERICAN PEOPLE AND AMERICAN PROGRESS.\*

"In fifty years," said a boasting Yankee to an English traveller, with whom he was conversing in a railway car, "in fifty years we shall be a hundred millions of people, and give laws to all the earth." The proud anticipation of the American was not without some apparent grounds to rest upon; for the population at the time was upwards of twenty-five millions, and, from the year 1790 to 1850, had increased at the remarkable rate of doubling in about twenty-five years; having been nearly four millions in the first of these years, 7½ millions in 1810, 12½ millions in 1830, and almost 24 millions in 1850. And, reducing to reasonable dimensions his extravagant expression of giving laws to all the earth (a fair specimen of the usual grandiloquent style of our American cousins), there can be little doubt that the example of a great, prosperous, orderly, free, and enlightened community, of near a hundred millions, must have exercised a powerful influence in favour of liberal institutions in every part of the world. Proud of his vast territory, and proud of his wonderful progress, we cannot be surprised that the citizen of the American Union felt elated, and was somewhat too apt

to take credit now for the great future which he anticipated for his country. With a vast territory about as large as Europe, a large portion of which was rich and fertile, with many of the individual states much larger than England, and while these were rapidly being filled up at a rate of increase unprecedented in the history of the world, the American already felt himself a citizen of the foremost nation of all the earth, and rejoiced in the confidence that he would, ere long, give laws to all the world, and be able to "lick all creation." But alas for these proud aspirations, here is secession, which—

"Like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing."

The great republic has burst; the larger fragment is no longer a first-rate power, and its prospect of overshadowing the earth with its greatness is indefinitely postponed, or destroyed.

But it is not this unhappy quarrel alone which will prevent the speedy realization of the ardent hopes of the Americans to stand before the world, the greatest civilized people it has yet seen. Intelligent Americans who knew the country on the skirts of the great Rocky Mountain chain which traverses the United States from north to south, were well aware that the limits of that rich "far west" which at one time appeared boundless, had been reached; that as the settlements extended to halfway between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, they were approaching the borders of a vast desert, unproductive in its soil, and inhospitable in its climate; and that increase of population must, in future, be looked for, not so much from the settlement of new regions of any material extent, as from the filling up of districts partly settled and in which the best soils are already occupied. For its rich productiveness, the basin of the Mississippi is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world; but as the country gradually rises towards the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, it assumes a very different aspect, and the stony soil and sharp air of these elevated regions, warn the traveller that he is on a bleak and comparatively barren table-land, capable of supporting only a scanty and scattered population. It is true, by the Census of 1860, it would appear that the previous rate of increase of population, about 35 per cent. in ten years, has been more than maintained. But when we consider the extraordinary immigration into the United States, caused by the attraction of the gold-mines of California, and the repulsion of the Irish and other European troubles of 1848, amounting for several years to 400,000 yearly, and the above facts, well known to the physical geographers of America, we shall find reason to conclude that, independently of domestic dissensions or civil war, the rate of increase has now reached its climax, and that the population will augment at a more moderate rate in future.

It appears by the Census returns of 1860, as given in the Almanac for 1861, that the population of the United States is now 31,676,217, of whom 4,002,996 are slaves. Four free States are the most populous, in the following order:—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois. The first of these, the Empire State, as it is proudly called, numbers 3,851,563, already exceeding the population of Scotland by several hundred thousand. Pennsylvania has a population of 2,924,501, about equal to that of Scotland. The population of Ohio is 2,377,917; of Illinois, 1,687,401. Virginia is the most populous slave State, now numbering 1,394,868, of whom 495,826 are slaves; and the slave States, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee have, each,

more than a million. The population of the slave States, including the slaves, is about 12½ millions; of the free states, 19 millions.

While such has been the progress of the United States as a whole,—from about four millions in the year 1790, to 31½ millions in 1860,—the increase in certain districts has been very much greater, and, indeed, perfectly astounding. The region bounded by the great lakes on the north, the Mississippi on the west, and the Ohio on the south, exhibits the most remarkable progress. This is the North-West Territory, somewhat famous in the history of the United States. In the year 1787, about the time of the formation of the Constitution, this large tract of country was given up by various States which had claims upon it, to the Federal Government. Among these was the slave State Virginia; but Jefferson's influence secured its voice in favour of excluding slavery from that region. By an ordinance of Congress this vast territory was consecrated to freedom, slavery being distinctly prohibited in it by the regulations enacted for its government. Would that Congress had always been animated by the same spirit!—the South would not have been able to set the North at defiance, as it is doing now. But subsequently, on two different occasions, she accepted lands ceded by various States, on the express condition that she should make no enactment prohibiting slavery in them. This North-West Territory has been formed into the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and includes part of Minnesota. The population of Ohio has increased from 45,000 in 1800, to 2,377,917 in 1860. Its progress in every respect is quite unprecedented. Not even included in the Census of 1790, and in the beginning of this century mostly forest or prairie, the haunt of the wild Indian, with but a few thousand whites on its eastern border, it now stands third in the Union in point of population; numbers as many inhabitants as the old European republic of Switzerland or the kingdom of Denmark; and besides all the usual and indispensable institutions for the government of a free and civilized people, has organized a complete system of public education, on which, last year, it expended upwards of £500,000 sterling. One of the greatest agricultural districts in the Union, it raises yearly upwards of 50,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, 1,800,000 tons of hay, and 17,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides oats, rye, barley, and buckwheat. Last year Ohio had about 700,000 horses, 1,800,000 cattle, 3,330,000 sheep, and 2,250,000 hogs. Such, under a system of freedom, without the withering blight of slavery, has been the progress of Ohio, a state little larger than Scotland, and a wilderness at the close of the last century. The number of the coloured population in the State of Ohio is not given in the returns published; but as there are 191 coloured schools, attended by 4800 children, we may conclude that the coloured persons in the State are not more than 50,000.

The immigration statistics supply some curious information as to the origin of the people, tempting us to speculate on the future national character that must result from the strange admixture of races. From 84,764 in 1844, the number of immigrants rose steadily to 460,000 in 1853, and sank to 179,000 in 1860, amounting in the years 1844–60 to no less than 4,386,441. Of the immigrants in 1860, upwards of 54,000 came from Germany and Prussia, 48,637 from Ireland, and 13,000 from England; 5467 from China; 3961 from France. The German settlers are numerous in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, where they support many newspapers in the German lan-

\* The American Almanac for the Year 1861. (London: Trübner and Co.)—Official Report of the Secretary of State on Immigration. Washington, February 28, 1861.



guage and character, the large size and free outspoken style of which must greatly astonish the good people of *Vaterland*, when they compare them with their own diminutive papers, and the quiet, subdued, police-ridden style in which they are written. The Germans are a thriving, industrious, peaceable race, pursuing their own course quietly in general, living a good deal by themselves, but harmonizing pretty well, on the whole, with the Americans. On one or two points they come into collision with them. One of the most curious of these is the Sunday question: the German immigrants desire to continue in the United States their own free café-and-concert way of spending the Sunday, which is repulsive to the great mass of the citizens of the United States. Lately there was some trouble in New York on this question; and the Germans serenaded the editor of the *New York Herald* in token of their gratitude for his exertions on their behalf. The Irish, on the other hand, find themselves in conflict with the institutions of the United States, chiefly on the question of the use of the Bible in schools. To this they object, and clamour for having their share of the liberal school-funds given over to their own control, to establish separate schools, in which the Catholic children would not have to mingle with Protestant children, and the priests could follow out their own system of religious training. But the United States authorities have everywhere steadily resisted this proposition, there being nothing that they are more interested in or more proud of than their non-sectarian system of public schools. All are invited to send their children free; they even supply them with school-books in some places. If any wish separate schools, they must support them at their own expense. The same demand for separate schools is made by the Catholic party in the British provinces.

To judge of the present national character of the Americans, we must look to their sayings and doings. As to the future, considering the enormous extent of immigration into the States, we must take into account the races from which these immigrants have sprung. In the last four years, 155,000 from Ireland, and 218,000 from Germany, have settled in the United States; the numbers from other countries being comparatively trifling, except perhaps from England, the numbers from which, in the same time, were 67,000. Since the Peace of 1815, large numbers from Ireland and Germany have crossed the Atlantic to find homes in the New World. Thus, looking to the original stock and the vast immigration of the last forty-five years, we may say that the Americans are, in the main, English, Irish, and German. But, as a recent writer points out, the immigrants are not to be viewed as corresponding exactly in general character with that of the nation from which they have sprung. Those successful in life rarely emigrate: the people who leave their country to push their fortunes in another land are the restless, the roving, the uneasy; and they must bring with them these features of their peculiar characters, as well as the broad national characteristics. Thus, independently of the action of the republican institutions upon him, we should expect to find the American much more restless, impulsive, and excitable than the sober, steady John Bull or the canny Scot. He is a combination of the less steady portion of the English and the fiery, impatient Celt, with an infusion of the speculative, sentimental German. Such a race-origin, acted on by circumstances and institutions that foster an excessive development of freedom and impatience of restraint, and by a climate that is said to stimulate the nervous

element of the constitution, evidently tend to the production of that quick, lively, energetic, explosive compound that we know as the true Yankee. While we cannot but admire the unconquerable energy, fertility of resources, and inventive genius that characterize the Americans, we confess we have some anxieties for the future of a nation with a character of such restlessness and fire, brought into contact with institutions that foster to such a degree political excitement, liberty, and the spirit of resistance to authority.

The commercial tables in the *Almanac* are interesting, particularly at the present time, when the disruption and the almost prohibitory new tariff, passed lately for the benefit of Northern interests, threaten to bring about great changes in the course of trade. England is the greatest customer of the Union, having taken, last year, American goods to the value of 169,000,000 of dollars; next, France, 44,000,000; Canada, 19,000,000; Bremen and Cuba, about 12,000,000 each; Spain, 8,000,000. The imports from England, France, Cuba, and Brazil, stand highest, being respectively, 117,000,000; 41,000,000; 34,000,000, and 22,000,000 of dollars. In the last year, the United States of America supplied foreign countries with products of the fisheries to the amount of 4,500,000 dollars; of the forest, 14,500,000; of animals, 15,500,000; vegetable food, 24,000,000; tobacco, 21,000,000; cotton, 161,000,000; gold and silver coin and bullion, 57,000,000. From 1821 to 1859, the exports of breadstuffs and tobacco have increased threefold, rice has been stationary, and the cotton export has augmented more than tenfold. "Cotton is King," cried a United States senator lately; and well might he say so, in a trading point of view, as it about equals in amount all the other exports put together. But, although Jonathan cannot be acquitted of having, in general, a sharp eye to his pecuniary interests, pride, principle, and passion are still greater than King Cotton, and the tremendous interests, both northern and southern, connected with this great American staple, are wantonly risked or sacrificed, in great part, because the South, which has ruled so long, cannot stoop to be in the minority, and because the North will not consent to be shorn of half the great empire of which she had just anticipated securing the government. The unnatural war now commenced must check the growth and export of cotton; England will soon procure supplies elsewhere; the costs of war and the cessation of orders from her great customer will make the South acquainted with poverty and destitution, and the system of slavery will be subjected to a new and severe trial. We fear some troubled times await the great republic.

A good almanac supplies many curious odds and ends of information, and the *American Almanac*, emanating from the enlightened city of Boston, is, we believe, one of the best almanacs in the world, deserving a place beside the *French Annuaire*, the *German Almanach de Gotha*, or the *Edinburgh Almanac* of Oliver and Boyd, perhaps the completest statistical picture of a country that has ever been produced.

We find, from the *American Almanac*, that Congress, in its watchful anxieties for the interests of the country, is of the opinion that charity begins at home, and so takes excellent care of itself. The pay of a member of Congress is about £600 sterling a year, which, to the class of men from whom members are chosen, is very handsome pay indeed, and in itself becomes an object of desire to vast numbers. The office is retained for two years, at the expiry of which, Congress is dissolved,

and every member must undergo the ordeal of a new election. But, if he has made good use of his opportunities at Washington during the two sessions of his attendance, he will have found means to add considerably to the £600 a year. A large number are not re-elected, because it is so very good a thing, that others desire to have their turn, and the fickleness of the people favours such changes. Besides the preceding, the member of Congress has a liberal allowance of about £1. 13s. for every twenty miles of travel. The Speaker of the House of Representatives and President of the Senate have each £1200 sterling a year. These good things, open to the public every two years, with the offices under Government, made vacant every four years, must give rise to a whole army of office-seekers, all the outs of which will give no rest to either Government or people.

## POETRY.

*Teuton.* A Poem. By Christopher James Reithmüller. (Bell and Daldy.) There are some evidences of poetical feeling in *Teuton*, but the author is destitute of that enthusiasm, or inspiration, which transforms the intellectual sympathies into a means of creative and artistic power. The subject of the poem, a most ambitious subject, is wrought out unambitiously; that is to say, the inference to be drawn from subject and treatment, considered together, is that Mr. Reithmüller, while appreciating poetic art and aspiring to definite mental honours, cannot elaborate first ideas with the sustained energy characteristic of true poetical ambition. He is no stripping, if internal evidence is to be trusted. His poem, therefore, must be judged on its own internal merits, as the production of comparative maturity. If it were, ostensibly, the work of a very young man, we should regard it with some misgivings; for it exhibits neither boldness of style nor brilliance of metaphor, — qualities which are generally regarded as promising in young poets. It is no exhibition of fireworks. It is a sober, serious, respectable attempt at poetry. It is, therefore, free from the dazzling vices of poetical squibs, — which, however, like squibs political, often enough supply a determinate interpretation to thoughts and things which are indeterminate. *Teuton*, the hero, is represented by Mr. Reithmüller as the personification of old Teutonic nationality; and his life, as detailed in the poem, is supposed to represent the moral changes which the Teutonic character has undergone since it first transfused itself into European history. He is the only son of an old Sea-king and of a Roman lady, meant (we presume) to incarnate the early Latin church. Sick of life, finding that the old Norse spirit in which he lives and breathes is giving way to new orders and new institutions, the Sea-king orders his ship to be fitted out, flamed, and set to sea; while, dedicated to death, he stands on its burning deck, accompanied by the minstrel Skald (the Northern muse?) and the savage Berserk (warlike barbarian?). Here is a rather powerful passage: —

"With sturdy arms, unwilling, yet resolved,  
In strict obedience to their lord's command,  
They laid him on the deck, beside the mast,  
While at the helm the cunning Horsa stood.  
And at the prow the Skald, tuning his harp,  
Then once more spake the king: — 'Give me my sword!  
The matchless blade, keen as the lightning's edge,  
With runes letters flaming on the steel,  
Forged by the dwarfs in caves below the earth,  
And since oft brandished in the sight of men!  
Not like a woman, with unbedded hands,  
Or flesh unwounded, must the warrior come  
Before great Odin's throne. Now bring the torch,  
That is to light our death-fire on the sea.  
And guide the Valkyrs to the destined spot!  
Raise the loud song, bold harper! — Comrades, loose  
The dragon from his bonds! — One parting cup  
I yet will quaff in memory of old times,  
And my last word shall be: Skol to the Brave!"

"He drained the goblet 'mid their answering shouts,  
And many a rugged cheek was wet with tears,  
As the ship glided from the pebbly strand,  
Ploughing the foam. Seaward the pilot steered,  
And long the king sat motionless, and gazed  
Upon the shore with a calm, thoughtful brow.



But, as the group of warriors on the beach,  
The yellow sands, the overhanging cliffs,  
Receded, and above them rose in view  
The castle-towers, and all the distant hills,  
The monarch grimly smiled, and grasped his sword,  
Cutting deep gashes on his aged breast,  
Till freely flowed the blood. Meanwhile, the Skald  
Struck hard the chords."

The North-King leaves behind him Ecclesia, his wife, and Teuton, his infant son. The boy-prince is baptized by the priests, in whom his mother trusts and believes. Ecclesia strives to instil the Southern religious civilization into his childish mind; but he has other teachers, "women of his father's race," who nurse him, sing him to sleep with runic rhymes, and tell him old Northland tales,—while the society of rough warriors familiarizes his heart with the early heroism. He has for a playmate a young girl, Christabel, who comes from the east, from the Land of Christ, and seems to represent the early conscience-consulting Christian faith. Teuton and Christabel listen to the teachings of Ecclesia; the boy mingling the tales of Roman martyrs with the tales of Norse heroes, and the girl weighing both tales deeply and accepting them conditionally, as containing some of the elements of truth. We cannot trace the allegory minutely through its gradual phases of growth; but we wish, by noting a few of its leading points, to show how neatly it has been conceived. In course of time, Teuton is disgusted at the pedantries and inconsistencies of his mother's priests, and flatterly sets up his princely person in opposition to their teachings. This leads to a quarrel with Ecclesia. Mother and son part in anger, and Teuton, accompanied by all the young blood, leaves the court, to seek out a less narrow home. Before leaving, a copy of the Bible is placed in his hands by Christabel, who bids him prize her gift "as the holiest thing on earth." Teuton then leads his people to a new land, where, on the banks of a great river, he builds a great city. The allegory here applies to England, we presume. Hither he is pursued by Ecclesia's army, to which he gives battle, and over which he is ultimately victorious. "Now comes a long peace, during which he tries to 'mould the theory of a church and state,' by the light of the sacred book given to him by Christabel. But grave doubts arise, and endless discussions ensue, as the cloud of Polemics rises before him. He finds another priestcraft arising in the place of that he had fled from in the north. There is wrangling, quarrelling, and cavilling, and no two men read the same text alike. Even the honest and conscientious become bigots, and Teuton is in despair:—

"So they grew rigid, quaint, exacting, harsh,  
Frowned on the innocent pleasures of the young,  
And magnified mere trifles into sins,  
Waking the scorn and laughter of the crowd  
By their strange talk, sad garb, and solemn mien;  
With them awhile did Teuton converse hold,  
And then drew back. 'Tis the same tale,' he said,  
'The iron girde, and the shirt of hair,  
The scourge, the fast, the vigil, have I left  
In old, monastic cells—only to find  
The spirit of the monk revived in these,  
And with a wider aim; for they would make  
The world a cloister, and proscribe at once  
Its week-day business, and its sabbath mirth.  
To such dark meanings may the Book be wrenched,  
Even by the pure of heart!"

Meanwhile, works grow, with the need for works, and bring forth a new creed—the religion of labour, surrounded by busy workers, he builds a gorgeous palace, and welcomes a golden age. Prosperity, however, brings dangers, and Teuton, now a king, grows luxurious in his tastes, and indulges in courtly vanities. Luxury in due time palls upon his senses. He ascertains that he has been blindly flattering himself with golden dreams, while poverty and hunger cluster about his very palace doors; and this new knowledge awakens his philanthropy. Consultations with courtiers and philosophers are of no avail. The former are prodigal of useless sympathy, and the latter puzzle him with sophisms. At last,—

"Upon a day, when all was drear and void,  
Like the dull morrow of some riotous feast,  
A brilliant guest appeared at Teuton's court,  
And woke it into sudden life. A queen,  
Or of a queenly presence, passing fair,  
With waving tresses, and loose-flowing robe,  
And joy and beauty in her fearless glance,  
Noble, yet full of kindly courtesy—  
Aurora-like, she through the palace swept,  
Gay youths and maidens scattering flowers around,

As though she brought the sunshine in her train.  
To flood those halls with light. Emblems were borne  
Before her, that seemed relics of the past—  
The Roman fasces, and the Phrygian cap—  
But she was young, and it was said, now crowned  
By young enthusiasts from the banks of Seine,  
Or swift Garonne, and the blue Midland sea."

This fair Queen is Liberty, or her semblance; and being welcomed warmly to the court, she begins to propound sage theories of freedom, the charter of manhood, and to hold all men equal. Teuton is unconvinced by her arguments; he clings to the old Northland traditions, and believes in a supreme governing power as a nation's safeguard. Liberty leaves him in indignation, and passing over to France, where the brand is ready for the burning, she ignites the train of the French Revolution. The allegory brings Teuton down to our own time. But first he travels back to his fatherland, in the hope of finding there a home where bigotry and error are at least in their genesis. Arrived there, he finds a desert where he had left a garden; a ruin where he had left a stronghold. The only inhabitant of the place is a palsy-stricken priest, whom he had known in childhood, and who, on being questioned, refers his catechist to the Pope. Teuton exclaims,—

"Where I now to turn my steps to Rome?  
What should I find? An old man, like to thee,  
Fumbling with keys, which open not my locks,  
And girt with whaddy symbols of lost power.  
This would not teach me truth, nor bring me peace."

Wearily and dispirited, he returns to his people, regretting the rashness which first severed him from the bosom of Ecclesia. By-and-by, however, he is consoled by Christabel, whom he encounters by accident, and who eventually agrees to marry him. She is Christian Charity, and she says, giving him her hand:—

"Spirits of the just,  
From every people, and from every land,  
United in a common heaven of love,  
Shall own one Father, and obey one King.  
'Tis in this faith, that I join hands with thee,  
And link my lot with thine for evermore."  
"And to this faith," said Teuton, "I hold fast,  
Happen what may. Henceforth, no evasions cloud  
Thou shalt be my vision, or impede my course,  
I shall work bravely, knowing what I do,  
And whither all these human efforts tend;  
And should I falter, I will turn to thee,  
And those mild eyes shall give me strength to bear,  
And that sweet voice new courage to aspire."

From the above brief glance at the spirit and purport of *Teuton*, the reader must perceive that the poem has merits, and merits of a most valuable description. It is, in fact, a production full of ripe thought and vigorous writing. It is so good, indeed, that we are sure the author can bear to be told that he is not a poet, and that he is never likely to become one. Moreover, it is certain that Mr. Reithmüller is too clever a man ever to stand contentedly on the ground occupied by second-rate or third-rate rhymesters. We have read his volume with pleasure; but we hope, that when he has another story to tell, he will tell it in homespun prose, and assume a stronger position than the one to which, by the publication of *Teuton*, he has unsuccessfully aspired.

## NEW NOVEL.

*Crispin Ken*. By the Author of *Miriam May*. (Saunders and Otley.) On the publication of *Miriam May*, we expressed, at considerable length, our opinion of the author's merits and demerits as a writer of fiction. On this his second appearance before the public, we have little to say in qualification of our former verdict. *Crispin Ken* is a negative impression of *Miriam May*. It is moulded on the same model, has the same quaint alliterative ring about the title, points the same moral, and indulges in the same strain of bitter invective against the Low Church Party in general, and Exeter Hall and the *Record* in particular. This peculiar quality of bitterness—on which we laid especial stress in our former notice—is, if possible, more intense and persistent. It is not the bitterness of the disappointed man, who delights in venting his morbid wrath and vexation of spirit indiscriminately on all around him; but it is the bitterness of the well-to-do man of the world who has a hobby of his own, but cannot endure the sight of other people trotting out theirs. It is spleen with a purpose. Open the

volume where we will, it is impossible to light upon a single page in which the acid element does not predominate. The style is the exact counterpart of the matter, being pithy and epigrammatic in the extreme—at times, perhaps, somewhat ungrammatical—still not less pithy and epigrammatic on that account. Of the characters and plot, we have nothing to say; inasmuch as in the legitimate "novel with a purpose," to which class *Crispin Ken* most unmistakably belongs, personages and events play a most subordinate part; merely doing duty as "pegs" on which the author hangs his peculiar views. In the volumes before us, we have frequently half-a-dozen consecutive pages illustrative of this ingenious device—generally clever, occasionally vulgar, but always amusing. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting our author's remarks on the young-lady aspect of curates and curate-life from a matrimonial point of view:—

"There can be no sort of harm in a woman having a strong leaning in favour of the curate interest; and the power peculiar to young priests, is, perhaps, in the main, exercised for the best. The situation is one which admits of very considerable attention. A curate's mission invites co-operation; and when you send him a sermon-case of velvet, or a pair of bands, through the post, it is pleasant to believe that you have done as much for the Church. It is not in the least necessary to notice, how ardent friends might put the gift. Jaundiced people may observe that all curates are not always appreciable; but the tendency of the age is uniformly favourable to your marrying your serious gift off to sober young men of about twenty-six, in holy orders. The tendency may be, of course, sometimes less religious than it seems; but it has come to this, that your daughter, who does not marry a curate, is liable to the imputation of not having 'married well.'"

"Of course, fancy work should be exceptionally encouraged. It should be confined to stoles, and bands, and the vestments which lead to so much 'Protestant spirit' in this world. But the preparation should be a thought less of the kind it often is. Women should be educated up to that standard, where perpetual reverence and a perpetual curate may be attained. Should the curate be better suited elsewhere; and at times he is liable to cast about and see what is the best he can do for himself, it is easy to fall back on dancing and German, and the sallow consist the corner. It is not desirable to discourage the belief in curates. If they sometimes represent affection and levity, it is well that we should be occasionally reminded, that those who have extraordinary opportunities, are, after all, in some respects, like other men. It is well for the Church that fathers are, in the main, favourably disposed to curates; any over-zeal in this direction will cure itself: it is simply a reaction, brought about by too much waltzing in the mess-rooms, when our grandmothers were girls."

It must be acknowledged, however, that, taken as a whole, *Crispin Ken* is not a book calculated to be very generally read on its intrinsic merits. By those who take delight in carrying religious polemics to an abnormal pitch it will be doubtless perused with avidity. A larger class will find amusement in its determined and unrelenting cynicism; but for the educated majority it will possess an interest akin to that with which we contemplate a fossil bone or an eccentric geological formation—a curiosity from its connection with the past, but having little or no relation to modern ideas or feelings. The spirit of individuality, both in thought and action, by which the present age is so strongly characterized, has the tendency of deadening the delicately-shadowed phases and fine-drawn distinctions of creed, and consequently of mitigating the intensity of the olden theologism. We shrink instinctively from the attempt at reviving the old feud in a class of literature the legitimate end of which is not "to point a moral," but "to adorn a tale." Besides, the subject has been over-worked, and is literally worn threadbare. "Pity the sorrows of a poor High Church curate, with a large family, and his Sunday coat at the pawnbroker's," is a doleful ditty, on which the changes have been rung ad nauseam. It is only thin-skinned philanthropists and sentimental young ladies who nowadays persist in regarding Mr. Malthus as a wicked, hard-hearted old gentleman. If, however, it be an established principle, that the religious polemics of the age must be reflected in its fiction, what is easier for a novelist, desirous of striking out a new line, than to take a young gentleman of "neologian views" for a hero, with an "advanced thinker" for heroine, and dish up *Essays and Reviews* by way of dialogue? The idea is feasible enough, and would require no puffing in order to create a sensation. We simply offer this as a suggestion, and leave its development to the well-known resources of Messrs. Saunders and Otley's establishment.



## SHORT NOTICES.

*Ice Bound.* By Walter Thornbury, Author of *British Artists from Hogarth to Turner*, &c. In three volumes. (Hurst and Blackett.) The title of this in many ways remarkable book is little calculated to give an idea of its contents. Mr. Thornbury has chosen to go back three or four hundred years, and revive the old and somewhat cumbrous machinery which was affected by Boccaccio and the Italian novelists, and which the French *Contes* followed suit with laudable zeal and ingenuity. In imitation, then, of the well-known system of these earlier writers, of connecting together by some slight thread of incident the various stories which compose the volume, Mr. Thornbury has chosen to represent the stories he indites as having been written for the amusement of a ship's crew *ice-bound* within the Arctic Circle. Every amusement, including amateur theatricals, had been tried and exhausted, to relieve the unutterable tedium of this most dreary and monotonous of imprisonments. At length a plan is hit upon, that all who are able shall read an original story for the amusement of the crew. The experiment is successful, the "vital spirits" of the crew, before drooping and flagging, are revived, and the reader has now the opportunity of judging of the merit of stories whose vivacity and interest are capable of cheering the gloom of an Arctic winter. The stories themselves are mostly English, or at least Welsh, and are replete with all Mr. Thornbury's merits and defects. They are distinguished by great vivacity of style, brilliancy of colouring, and variety of incident. We believe it is impossible that Mr. Thornbury should write without exhibiting some of these characteristics. They are deficient in sustained interest, in consequence of irregularity of plot. There is power, but it is rugged and uneven; and the illustrations of English life under the Stuarts, which will possess great charms to the ordinary readers, claim not from the *cognoscenti* much high appreciation. They are pleasingly adapted, but are merely the result of an antiquarian dilettantism. "The Little Black Box" is, we think, the most interesting of the stories, as it is also the longest. The characters familiar to us, in both literary and political history, are therein freely introduced upon the stage; and the dialogue that is assigned them does great credit to Mr. Thornbury. In one or two instances, it reminded us of the brilliant dialogue of the elder Dumas; and we know not that on this point we can pay a higher compliment. Altogether the book possesses a fund of real merit, in addition to the smartness and point which we could have prophesied for it before we had read it.

*Metrical Lay Sermons.* (J. Snow.) The author of this work has certainly succeeded in producing a literary novelty in point of form; otherwise, it is not very original. The sermons are composed after the usual fashion that obtains in country pulpits. A scene from sacred history is taken and laid before the reader under a slightly varied guise, the minor details which the Scripture writer has omitted being filled in from the author's imagination. The subject is then improved, *en règle*, under three heads, the only difference from the ordinary method of treatment being, that these three heads deal with only one idea: thus effecting a sort of compromise between the Church and the *Cornhill*. The lessons thus deduced are invariably such as can fairly be drawn from the subjects, and are, in fact, sensible reflections done into very passable verse. In description the author is often very vigorous, sometimes too much so. He occasionally leaps the bounds of poetic passion, and arrives at nonsense; as, for instance, where, in describing the storm on the Sea of Galilee, he has this line, "Where most the tangled dangers shriek and boom;" or again, when, in picturing the drought in Samaria, he asserts that "the fishes folded up their fins and died," which appears to us to be a very decent, but very comical act on the part of the fishes. But on the whole, we think that any lazy clergyman to whom the proceeding would not appear scandalous, might safely read one of these metrical discourses to his congregation, and calculate upon an attentive audience and the production of a good impression. Certainly, no popular preacher ever raised more curiosity

by his opening sentence, than the author does by one of his first lines. "Is it so?" "It is so!" is a startlingly rapid discussion of an unknown subject in the writer's mind, for enlightenment as to which the hearers would eagerly listen.

*Words of Comfort.* Edited by W. Logan. (Nisbet & Co.) If "there is no greater grief than in the midst of our sorrow to call to mind happier times," there is, on the other hand, no greater joy than to forecast still happier days, and find in loss a gain which will more than match. The death of young children is a subject which has called forth some of the happiest reflections of Christian writers, and some of the tenderest lines of our poets. The editor of the little work before us has made an excellent selection from both. There is occasionally in the letters here quoted a tinge of hyper-pathos (if we may be allowed to coin a word, in order to avoid using a shorter and more offensive noun). There is a forced effect in such a sentence as this—"And art thou really gone, Sophia, before us all? Hush, my soul, be still!"—which seems to evidence a want of reality and straightforwardness in the writer; but we know that it is only a way some excellent people have of expressing themselves, and that it is generally acceptable in one hemisphere of the religious world. There is also an occasional license taken in the interpretation of Scripture which even Mr. Jowett would hardly countenance, as, for instance, where one writer asserts that the passage about Rachel refusing to be comforted because her children were not, is written as a warning to us of the sin which she committed in not finding immediate consolation in the thought that they were taken to a better world; while another has a most unwarranted impression that Lazarus was rather weak in the intellectual portion of his organization. On the other hand, the book is rich in passages of exquisite feeling and expression—passages which are not mere rhetorical flowers made up expressly for sale in the world's "Magasin de Deuil," but which are full of deep thought and quiet grace. Of the selection of poems we can only say that we were glad to see so many of our old friends side by side, and that many that we did not recognize gave us great pleasure. The editor has a curious habit of lauding, in foot-notes, the authors from whose works he quotes. In some cases we are glad to know something about them, even though that something is in the form of a panegyric; but it seems very strange that in citing a passage from the "May Queen," he should have thought it necessary to append Wordsworth's opinion that Tennyson was a very promising young poet. But these are slight faults, which in nowise mar the real value of the book.

*The Illustrated Girls' Own Treasury.* (Ward & Lock.) The editor of this volume informs us on the title-page that it is "specially designed for the entertainment of girls and the development of the best faculties of the female mind," an important object truly, and if it has been attained in the *Illustrated Girls' Own Treasury*, the work is not one to be lightly passed by with a few words of commendation. But we greatly doubt whether the female mind's best faculties, whatever they may be, will be in any wise developed by such an amusing medley as the volume before us. That girls may be entertained by it, is another question altogether. Doubtless they will skip the Bible stories at the commencement, which are wordy paraphrases of some of the concise and exquisitely simple narratives of Scripture; but they will be amused with the instructions for fancy needlework, for paper modelling, for painting on velvet, for keeping birds, and managing aquaria; and they can devote an occasional half-hour to throwing their bodies into all the curious and uncomfortable positions which are here portrayed for them under the head of "calisthenics." "Young ladies," says the author, "often suffer ill health from the want of exercise;" and they are advised to walk with "the arms hanging close to the body, the elbows turned in and close to the side, the hands rather open to the front, and the little finger lightly touching the dress, the chest advanced, but without constraint, the head to be erect, and the eyes straight to the front." We recommend young ladies to reduce to practice this sensible monition. "Eyes straight to the front" are not likely to prove

dangerous weapons, and young Englishmen will continue heart-whole. We cannot stay even to catalogue the different subjects discussed in this volume. It may, however, be important to state that it contains "tales of purpose and poems of refinement." What those tales effect, and what those poems are worth, we leave our readers to judge.

*The Cottage History of England.* By the Author of *Mary Powell*, (Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.) The only novelty about this lively little rehearsal of English history is to be found in its title. We have plenty of children's histories precisely similar to it in character, and which are equally available for cottagers. The volume is doubtless written with good intention, and is written well. It is indeed difficult to say how what has been said could have been said better within so brief a compass. The writer expresses the hope in her preface that it will find its way from the book-hawker's basket into many kitchens and cottages. The pleasant style of the volume and the illustrations with which it abounds, render it probable that this natural wish will be fulfilled.

*After Office Hours.* By Edmund Yates. (W. Kent and Co.) Mr. Yates dedicates his little volume to Mr. Charles Dickens—a gentleman whom we hold responsible for many of its demerits and a few of its merits. Like our great caricaturist, Mr. Yates takes somewhat exaggerated views of human life, and, like him too, he appears to possess a nature sentimentally, not intellectually, poetical. *After Office Hours* is a collection of short stories, verses, sketches of travel, and social essays. Most of the stories are good, and some of the verses are bad; but the sketches of travel and the social essays are invariably excellent. The author has no deep insight into the recesses of human nature, but he essays to paint character by dwelling on characteristics. His estimates of life and manners are precise and carefully drawn, not deep, and he is also a precisian in style. The book might have been entitled, appropriately enough, "After Dinner-Hours;" being characterized, as it is, by that hazy self-consciousness and dignified ease which distinguishes the after-dinner philosopher. It is the book of an able, educated, and comfortable member of society, who enjoys a domestic siesta, among pet theories, pet authors, pet prejudices, and pet children. Nor is it, on this account, any the less a wholesome book. It is nice pleasant reading for those who, like the author, sympathize greatly with beautiful things, but sympathize above all with the associations of the great metropolis. Mr. Yates possesses both taste and intellect, but taste preponderates; and he believes most heartily in those thoughts and things to which the test of taste can be most readily applied. His book is, consequently, rather sympathetic than egotistic. For egotism, properly so called, is a quality of the intellect, and asserts itself from an intellectual elevation. Mr. Yates has larger feelings and deeper emotions than the majority of those gentlemen who have identified themselves with London literature. This fact sometimes leads him to express his dislikes in strong language. His antipathies are in inverse proportion to his sympathies, and he does not possess the egotistic faculty which absorbs both into the brain, and invests them with the reticence of unspoken logic. At the same time, being a precisian in style, he manages to localize his prejudices, and thereby to give them an air of plausibility and concentration. All the papers, with the exception of a vulgar copy of verses, entitled, "The Other Bed," have the merit of being readable. Particularly readable are the stories respectively called "Two in a Legion" and "Calumet Island." The latter contains passages of considerable power. On the whole, we can recommend *After Office Hours* to people who have a leisure hour to spend, and who wish to spend it pleasantly. We should hardly have devoted so much space to the book, but for the fact that Mr. Yates, while obviously aiming at popularity, evinces a refinement of taste and a tenderness of sentiment which are rare in authors who see life from under the shade of Temple Bar. There is so much dramatic strength in the stories; there are so many honest views of society, men, women, and books, in the essays; and the whole is clad, withal, in such graceful English, that we expect to hear by-and-by of Mr. Yates as



something far higher than a writer of agreeable trifles.

*On Surgical Diseases of Women.* By Baker Brown, F.R.C.S. (by Exam.) (J. W. Davies.) This work has reached a second edition, and in its new form has undergone entire revision and received much additional matter. Of course the subject renders it unnecessary for us to enter into any details respecting the new portions of the work.

*A Guide to the Healthiest and Most Beautiful Watering Places in the British Islands, &c.* Illustrated with Maps, &c. Second Edition. (A. and C. Black.) In anticipation of the coming summer, and its usual question with all *paterfamiliares*, "Where shall we go?" Messrs. Black have issued a second edition of this useful and tolerably complete guide to the British watering-places. The list of places is quite exhaustive, but the information is in one or two cases somewhat defective. On the whole, however, it is a very satisfactory handbook.

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, by Morrell and Carey, new edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Longman.  
Alpine Byways, or Light Leagues Gathered in 1839-60, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Longman.  
Atkinson (Rev. J. C.), Birds' Eggs and Nests Popularly Described, with coloured plates, 3 vols., 3s. 6d. Routledge.  
Audley (W. G.), Guide to the Art of Illuminating and Mosaic-Painting, 12mo, 1s.  
Aunt Agnes, or the Wherefore of Life, by a Clergyman's Daughter, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Hogg.  
Bourne (John), Letters, with Outline of his Life, by his Son, 8vo. Simpkin.  
Bradshaw's Map of Northern States of America, 1s.  
Bremers (W. L.), Pilot of the Pentland Frith, and other Poems, 12mo, 3s. Simpkin.  
Bridal Bouquet, illuminated by S. Stanesby, new edition, 4to, 21s. Griffith and Farran.  
Broken Troth, a Tale of Village Life in Tuscany, from the Italian, by P. Iretton, 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. Macmillan.  
Brown (Hugh Stowell), Sixteen Lectures to Working Men of Liverpool, vol. iv., 12mo, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Partridge.  
Bryce (J.), Treatise on Algebra, third edition, post 8vo, 6s. Black.  
Burn (J. S.), History of Henley-on-Thames, County of Oxford, 8vo, 12s. Longman.  
Cameron (Mrs.), Life of, edited by her Son, 12mo, 7s. 6d. Darton.  
Caroline (Queen), Historical Memoir of, Romance of Diplomacy, by Mrs. G. Smyth, 2 vols., post 8vo, 14s. Hogg.  
Caswall (H.), American Church and American Union, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
Charlesworth (Miss), Cottage and its Visitor, new edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Seeley.  
Charlesworth (Miss), Ministering Children, new edition, 12mo, 5s. Seeley.  
Christian Servant taught from the Church Catechism, 12mo, 7s. Masters.  
Churton (Rev. W. R.), Influence of the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament on Progress of Christianity, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Macmillan.  
Clarke (Rev. J.), Happy World, or the Power of Influence Practically Considered, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Vertriech.  
D'Orsey (D.), Study of the English Language an Essential Part of University Course, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Bell.  
Elsworth (J.), Handy Book of Law of Infants, 12mo, 3s. Stevens.  
English Catalogue of Books for 1860, royal 8vo, 3s. 6d. Low.  
Ferns and Mosses Described, their Haunts and Habits, 12mo, 1s. Ward and Lock.  
Fowler (Frank), Adrift, or the Rock in the South Atlantic, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
Gabriel's Practical Treatise on the Teeth, 12mo.  
Gordon (J.), Botany Bay, and other Poems, 12mo, 6s. Hall.  
Heath (C.), Manual of Minor Surgery and Bandaging, 12mo, 5s. Churchill.  
Horace, by Author of 'Doering', new edition, 12mo, 7s. 6d. Whittaker.  
Kelland (P.), Algebra, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Black.  
Knight (C.), Popular History of England, vol. vii., 8vo, 10s. 6d. Bradbury.  
Macrae (J.), Scripture Law of Marriage within the Prohibited Degrees, 8vo. Simpkin.  
Marine Botany and Sensitive Objects, 12mo, 1s. Ward and Lock.  
Maurice (F. D.), The Lord's Prayer, Sermons at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, fourth edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Macmillan.  
Metrical Lay Sermons, 12mo, 6s. Snow.  
Newton (R.), The King's Highway, Illustrations of the Commandments, 18mo, 1s. 6d. Nelson.  
Oxenden (Rev. A.), Baptism Simply Explained, third edition, 18mo, 1s. Hatchard.  
Oxenden (Rev. A.), Lord's Supper Simply Explained, fifth edition, 18mo, 1s. Hatchard.  
Patterson (J.), Caste Considered under its Moral, Social, and Religious Aspects, post 8vo, 4s. 6d. Smith and Elder.  
Pennell (H. C.), Peck on Pegs, illustrated by Leech and others, 16mo, 7s. 6d. Hotten.  
Recollections of a Fox Hunter, by Scrutator, 8vo, 13s. Hurst and Blackett.  
Rees (T.), History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Snow.  
Ridge (B.), Ourselves, our Food, and our Physic, 12mo, 4s. Chapman and Hall.

Robinson (C. B.), History of the Priory and Peculiar of Snaithe, 8vo, 6s. Simpkin.  
Roscoe's Digest of Law of Evidence in Criminal Cases, fifth edition, post 8vo, 30s. Stevens.  
Roth (M.), Prevention of Spinal Deformities, 8vo, 3s. 6d. Greenbridge.  
Scripture Text-Book and Treasury, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Greenbridge.  
Slater (J.), Amateur Florist's Guide, 12mo, 1s. Simpkin.  
Smedley (Mrs.), Ladies' Manual of Practical Hydropathy in Female Diseases, 12mo, 1s. 6d.  
Taylor (A.), Summary of Sacred History in Bible Language, 12mo, 2s. Simpkin.  
Temple and Trevor's Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Hards, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Chapman and Hall.  
Thimm's German Self-Taught, a New System of Self-Teaching, 12mo, 1s. Thimm.  
Tudhunter (J.), History of Progress of Calendar of Variations during Nineteenth Century, 8vo, 12s. Macmillan.  
Tuppy, or Autobiography of a Donkey, second edition, 16mo, 2s. 6d. Griffith and Farran.  
Tytler (M. J.), Tales of Great and Brave, new edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Hatchard.  
Vaughan (C. J.), Epiphany, Lent, and Easter (Sermons), second edition, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Macmillan.  
Vaughan (C. J.), St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with Notes, second edition, post 8vo, 5s. Macmillan.  
Vaughan (C. J.), Sermons on Sacrifice and Propitiation, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Macmillan.  
Webb (A.), Ready Rules for Operations in Surgery, second edition, royal 8vo, 10s. 6d. Churchill.  
Whately (Archbishop), Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews, 8vo, 8s. J. W. Parker.  
Wheeler (J. T.), Analysis and Summary of Old Testament, eighth edition, 12mo, 5s. 6d. Hall.  
White (James), Compendium of Veterinary Art, nineteenth edition, 8vo, 14s. Longman.  
Yelverton (Hon. Mrs.), Martyrs to Circumstances, post 8vo, 2s. Bentley.

## MR. CLOSE AND HIS PENSION.

PEOPLE, ex-king of Bonny, appears to be one of fortune's favourites. He has just received £7,673 "in discharge of his claims on the British Government," and his name will live to all time in the strains of Mr. Close, who hopes

"To see the king  
At Poets' Hall, a welcoming—  
To give and gladly kiss his hand,  
When he comes down to Westminster."

The least that his Majesty can do in return is to support his own laureate. If he could be induced to take away Mr. Close to Bonny, the royal household there would gain an invaluable buffoon, and we should be rid of a disgrace to literature and the Civil List. But we fear that Mr. Close would refuse to leave a country where his merits are so well appreciated by Government. He lets us know, in his latest production, that—

"England's Greatest Minister has crowned Mr. Close with Immortal Honour, and seated him side by side with Scotland's glorious BURNS; raised a poor Persecuted man from dark Despair and pains of Poverty; overwhelmed his enemies with everlasting Shame and Disgrace. Mr. Close, would have been less than a man had he not felt his heart swell with humble Gratitude. He first wrote a Letter of Thanks to His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, and the Right Hon. Lord Palmerston: then in the fulness of his Joy thus Sings:—

"All Hail to Noble Palmerston!  
His Name shall never die;  
Britannia glories in her Son,  
The highest of the High.

"All Hail, we say to Palmerston,  
His Name let millions bless;  
Who smiles on Sons of Genius poor,  
And pities their Distress."

Not that he is spoiled by the honour conferred upon him. He lets us know that after receiving news of the pension "for three days he did little else but smoke and shed tears," and "instead of its spoiling Mr. Close, he is more humble than ever." We are also informed on his own authority, that "a friend calling on Mr. Close a few days after, told him that the pension of £50 was only for one year, not for life!" "Well, no matter," answered Mr. Close very coolly, "thank God, we may get to heaven still." He adds rather incoherently, "when Royalty smiles, it washes even a Blackamoor white." We hope he will have the experiment tried on his friend King Pepple.

Lord Palmerston appears to be the poet's warmest admirer, but he does not stand alone in his opinion. "The celebrated Dr. Cumming" writes to Mr. Close: "Dear Sir—I have looked into your poetry, and think it very grand, and does you great credit. Yours very truly, John Cumming." Mr. Spurgeon, whose letter, by a singular coincidence, bears the same date as that of the celebrated

Dr. Cumming, encloses six stamps, "but is quite unable to read and judge the great quantities of rhyme continually submitted to him." "The Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., thinks the works are adapted to convey truth, sweetly expressed, to the homes of our working classes." Lord Wensleydale sends off a letter from the House of Lords to say he is "very glad indeed" to hear of the pension; so we hope Mr. Close is sorry for having spoken of him as "a Lord Wensleydale, who, if a dozen Poets were born upon his Estates, would only 'wish them well.'" Sir George Musgrave is so excited with the good news that he cannot grammatically say how greatly he "is rejoiced to hear that the Government have rewarded your exertions with a pension;" and several other eminent persons have gone into various states of hilarity on the occasion.

What is the secret cause of all this emotion? Probably a hope that Mr. Close may have his mouth stopped by the preferment he has gained. He has adopted a system of terrorism, which has answered its purpose admirably. Like a beggar who threatens to splash a lady's dress if she will not give him a shilling, Mr. Close menaces with his displeasure every old woman in the county who refuses to patronize his doggel, and, unfortunately, Lord Carlisle and Lord Lonsdale have not had the moral courage to withstand the rhyming ruffian. Worst of all, they get rid of his importunities by saddling him on the State, and abstract from the public purse the hush-money which he demands. As to the praise they bestow on him, we will not insult their judgment by supposing for an instant that they mean what they say. They speak like men on the rack, and allowance must be made for the situation. Nor was Lord Palmerston's position less difficult. It is ill arguing with a man who returns two members for a county. He could scarcely say nay to Lord Lonsdale. Mr. Close is right when he says: "If thou should'st have a patron like Lord Carlisle, then thy toil is over, Majesty smiles, Lord Palmerston shakes thy hand, Countesses and Duchesses gaze on thee as if a Son of Jupiter just dropped from the Skies, and a pension is given thee."

No doubt such patronage will cover a multitude of sins. Still, a more cautious Minister might have found fault with the very plea on which the petition for a pension was founded. It seems that in 1856 one of the victims of Mr. Close's rascality brought an action against him for libel, and gained a verdict for damages to the amount of three hundred pounds. It is in order to remunerate Close for this loss that Lord Palmerston bestows a pension upon him! And this is the man whom he compares with Burns! Not only is there no merit in the works of this literary Vulcan, as he styles himself,—referring, no doubt, to the dirty nature of his trade,—but they are worse than unmeritorious, being in every respect disgraceful. We have given a specimen of his verse; the following gem will give an idea of his powers as a prose-writer. Speaking of himself he says, "He married the widow of the late Mr. Thomas Lowden, who, although with three children and two more added since, he has found his last days to be his best." We may judge of his taste by his account of an interview with Lady Blessington, published in her lifetime:—"What transpired afterwards, with the Bard's reception, and how he fainted away, transported with thrilling ecstacy, on beholding the matchless charms of the incomparable Countess, and what dreams of ecstatic bliss floated like little fluttering cherubs while in Mahomet's Paradise, we leave to the imagination of our readers."

And as for his political sentiments, they are contained in his eulogium on "England's greatest writer—G. M. W. Reynolds, Esq.—whose bold and independent pen, cuts down all before it, and whose *Mysteries of the Court* will be read eventually by every Nation, People, and Tongue; and when England shall have burst her bonds of Tyranny, Reynolds's glorious Name handed down to the admiration of Posterity as the Hampden of the nineteenth century." After reading such expressions applied to that disreputable author, we are not surprised to find that Close is agent for, and purveyor of, two of those vile pseudo-medical works, whose very advertisements are loathsome and unclean, and whose authors deserve the pillory if ever men did. It is a pity that Close could not have been left to their congenial



society, instead of being brought forward by frightened Earls to fill a niche in that Temple of Fame in which Lord Palmerston officiates as High Priest.

And to Palmerston his Due: an ed rain dot of his All the world who hears the story understood

Every one must love him too. Mr. Close. No doubt we should be grateful to the Premier, who may be induced by Mr. Close to pension his friend Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds next year; but do not let us forget that it is to Lords Lansdale, Carlisle, and Wensleydale that we are indebted for the acquaintance of this literary gorilla. In this age of commonplace it is refreshing to be startled by the discovery that, though a man may be destitute of all merit, cursed by nature with vanity and meanness, and hardened by careful education against every remonstrance of self-respect, though he may be despised in his own neighbourhood, and utterly unknown anywhere else, that yet he may be selected by the Crown from a throng of meritorious candidates, as the recipient of a bounty which was intended for those who had fought a good fight, and conferred honour on the country which thus, in their declining years, shows its appreciation of their services; and this is done because he has noble friends. Mr. Close may well sing, with another distinguished poet—

God bless the House of Lords!

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.—Royal Geographical Society, Anniversary Meeting, 1.

TUESDAY.—Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—Continued Discussion on the National Defence.

WEDNESDAY.—Royal Society of Literature, 45.—Royal Society of Antiquaries, 81.

THURSDAY.—Royal Society, 83.—Zoological Society, 9.—Professor Huxley on the Structure of the Brain in the Monkeys of the genus *Ateles*, and other papers.

FRIDAY.—Royal United Service Institution, 8.—Captain C. P. Colles, R.N., the Great Revolution which must ensue in our National Defences in consequence of the introduction of Iron-clad Ships.

SATURDAY.—Royal Asiatic Society, 3.—Institute of Actuaries, 3.—Annual General Meeting.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Tuesday, Three o'clock.—Mr. John Hullah on the History of Modern Music.

Thursday, Three o'clock.—Mr. W. Pengelly on the Devonian Age of the World.

Friday, Eight o'clock.—Dr. A. Y. Walker on the Nutrition and Regeneration of Nerves.

Saturday, Three o'clock.—Professor Max Müller on the Science of Language.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

Oxford, May 22.

AFTER the usual breathing time at Whitsuntide, we have entered upon the Act Term. In a fortnight we shall be plunged in the dissipations of Commemoration Week, and but a few days after that Oxford will have become, to all appearance, a city of the dead.

In the interval, however, there is enough to do; indeed, the past week, in spite of the holiday in the middle of it, has been a busy one. On Thursday last the discussion in Congregation of the New Professor Statute was resumed from the point at which it was left off on the 7th.

The debate covered a great deal of ground, but seemed unlikely to approach any conclusion just yet. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Chase opposed the proposed increase of the Professors' incomes, on the ground that it would represent a funded sum of £30,000 or £35,000, which, in their opinion, was more than the University could afford.

Dr. Plumtree thought that the appointment of another resident Professor of Law was far more important. Mr. Rawlinson inquired why these particular professorships had been selected, and what was the actual condition of the funds of the Professorate, and what the future intentions of the Council with respect to them.

Professor Neate wished the attendance of undergraduates on two courses of Professors' lectures to be again made compulsory. Professor Acland proposed an amendment by which the Professor of Astronomy should come

within the statute. Mr. Tweed (of Exeter) suggested that a hint should be taken from a report of the Cambridge Syndicate, and the stipends paid by the University to Crown nominees be voted to each successive Professor, but not permanently attached to the Chair. Mr. Burrows opposed Dr. Stanley's amendment, which includes the Professorship of Greek in the statute, and expressed a hope that that question might not again be mooted. The only two speakers who were decisively in favour of the statute and of Professor Stanley's amendment also, were Professor Conington, who considered that the University was making an unfair profit out of the property conceded to her by the Crown, and that the surplus should be devoted to the Chair of Greek, which was filled by so fit a teacher; and Professor Goldwin Smith, who thought that adequate endowments were necessary to secure able men, especially since fees had been put a stop to in the case of Regius Professorships, and that the affair of the Greek Professorship should be definitely arranged. Here the proceedings terminated, the end being, so far as I can see, as far off as ever. Some good may, however, result from the continually repeated inquiries as to the incomes of the numerous lesser professorships, and the sources from which they are paid. There was some point, too, in the question—why are these particular appointments fixed upon? Why not include others in the scheme? The answers, I presume, will be forthcoming at the next stage of the discussion. As to the Chair of Greek, which has been transported into the statute, and gives it, in fact, its most vivid interest in the eyes of most people, that question, it will be observed, was barely touched upon. Mr. Burrows was probably not far from the truth when he said that Congregation would never sanction any increase of Mr. Jowett's income; at all events, the contest would be as severe and as troublesome as the election of a new member. It is peculiarly painful to see men like Mr. Burrows, who have come up to the University with the experience of half a life in a totally different sphere, adopting the narrowest sectarian views on a subject like this. Previously to this debate Congregation approved the two short and formal statutes which I have so frequently had to mention, and discussed the form of statute which has for its object certain changes and arrangements of the Bodleian Library. The main features of the proposed measure I detailed in my last, but the discussion to which it gave rise has a distinct interest. Some time ago I noticed a current rumour that a great injustice had been done Mr. Hackman, one of the assistants in the library, inasmuch as he had, on promotion to a sub-librarian'ship, been prohibited from holding a cure in the vicinity of Oxford along with that office; whereas Mr. Cox, his predecessor, now librarian, had been allowed that privilege. This affair was brought before the Congregation in connection with the Bodleian statute, and Mr. Hackman found many supporters, whilst the only defence set up by the curators was, that it was necessary for the officials to devote their thoughts, even when not engaged in the library, to its service; which remark, if it be true, must be no less applicable to Mr. Cox, in fact, even more so, for Mr. Hackman is almost relieved of his parish duties by two curates. It appears that this sub-librarian'ship is to be done away with, and it was feared that personal motives, arising out of the above-mentioned disagreement, had dictated this step. However, if what was stated in Congregation is true, the real reason for this retrenchment is, that a librarian will be needed at the new Museum, whether the natural science books are all to be taken. If this statute should pass, and Mr. Hackman is not to be a loser in a pecuniary point of view by the abolition of his expected office, this explanation is obviously not quite satisfactory, and it cannot be expected that the statute will be allowed to proceed without some more light being thrown on these points.

In Congregation, on the same day, the Local Examination Statute was carried, though some clauses were very sharply contested; that re-arranging the religious examination, getting a majority of four votes only.

At the same time, the statute on the subject of fees was submitted and approved; and also that "De Incorporatione et Admissione Exterorum." As

this last seems to be misapprehended somewhat generally, I may as well state that its object is not to prevent members of the University of Cambridge or of Trinity College, Dublin, taking "ad eundem" degrees here, provided they have resided, in order to graduate, at their own University, and not obtained their B.A. by mere examination, as is frequently done at the last-mentioned place. The decree, authorizing the addition to the new act of the clause respecting the Vice-Chancellor's Court, was also approved.

Yesterday, the appointment of M. de Tivoli to the Taylorian Professorship of Italian, in place of Count Saffi, was ratified by Congregation.

The following have been elected Taylorian Scholars:—C. M. Smith, Balliol, in German and French; A. P. Manas, Lincoln, in French and Italian.—Honourably mentioned: in French and Italian, C. E. R. Girdlestone, Pembroke; in French, S. G. Stopford, Ch. Ch.; in German, H. H. Hocking, St. John's.

Messrs. J. E. L. Newers, of Queen's College and Kildminster School; R. B. Gardiner, of St. Paul's School; and W. P. Manson, of Highgate School, have been elected Scholars of Wadham College; and Messrs. Auchmuty, of Marlborough, Lucas, of Merchant Taylors' School, and Cope, of Lincoln College, have obtained the same distinction at Lincoln College.

The Degree days for the Term will be May 22nd, 30th, June 6th, 13th, and 21st, July 6th.

I must not forget to mention the boat-races, which were brought to an end on Friday last; Trinity, Balliol, and Exeter being at the head of the list, in the order they are mentioned. I wish that space allowed me to give a longer account of their gallant exploits.

CAMBRIDGE, May 22.

To describe the proceedings of the past week would occupy a far greater amount of space than is at my disposal, and I must perforce content myself with a bare enumeration of the events which have taken place; and I regret this the less, because the penny-liners have, as usual, been on the alert to supply the morning papers with reports especially remarkable for the diffuseness which is a prominent characteristic of those contemporary historians.

To begin with the Grand Volunteer Review, on Saturday, which is indeed a noteworthy event in the history of the movement. The University Corps and that of the Inns of Court assembled upon Parker's Piece, and went through a variety of evolutions with a precision which called forth the admiration of every beholder, and elicited hearty praise from those best qualified to pass a judgment on military manoeuvres. The lawyers were afterwards most sumptuously regaled at the various colleges, and for the remainder of their lives will doubtless retain a vivid recollection of University volunteers and University cooks. In the evening there was a procession of boats through the College-grounds, as is customary at the termination of the races. Some of the "Devil's Own," however, who ventured to embark in the frail vessels which navigate the Cam, were immersed in the classic river, to the intense delight of a vast concourse of spectators.

The ancient splendours of the Commencement were renewed on Tuesday, when the Senate House presented a more brilliant scene than has been witnessed at Cambridge for many a long day. The Prince of Wales was present, but his royal father, the Chancellor of the University, was prevented from attending. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon Mr. Gell, the recently appointed Bishop of Madras, and the honorary degree of LL.D. upon the Earl of Elgin, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir W. R. Hamilton, Sir Roderick Murchison, Major-General Sabine, Dr. Robinson, of Dublin, and Mr. Grote and Mr. Motley, historians.

The Sir Isaac Newton University Lodge of Freemasons was opened in the evening by the formal inauguration of the Duke of St. Albans as W.M.

There has been another volunteer display to-day, and the Horticultural Pête has also been a source of attraction. The beautiful grounds of King's and Queen's Colleges were united by a bridge, so that a river-side promenade was formed from the Small Bridges to the end of King's grounds.

To pass from matters of pleasure to matters of business. A report setting forth the results of the



Middle Class Examination has been presented to the Senate, by which it appears that the number of candidates has diminished, while the papers show much inferiority compared with those of last year. The answers on English History were altogether very creditable, though the Examiners find it necessary to caution candidates against using the reason too little and the memory too much, as some of the papers bore unmistakable evidence of long descriptions of battles having been learned by heart. The penmanship, however, was villainous, not more than two out of five being able to write a hand capable of being read without difficulty. The Syndics have determined to make an alteration in the next annual examination, by grouping, so far as junior candidates are concerned, certain sections, in pairs, of cognate subjects, and candidates satisfying the Examiners in the preliminary subjects, and in two of the subjects not included in one group, will be certificated. Owing to the small number of candidates, the receipts were insufficient to defray the expenses, and, consequently, a balance of £28. 16s. 1d. has been charged to the University account. It will be remembered that in 1859 a large number of schoolmasters and persons engaged in tuition presented a memorial to the Vice-Chancellor and Senate, praying that the two Universities should hold their examinations in alternate years. This proposal, however, was found to be impracticable, in consequence of a title being granted by Oxford and not by Cambridge.

During the past week the library of the Rev. Dr. Donaldson has been dispersed by auction. Being one of the finest scholars of the age, the sale of his books naturally attracted considerable notice. It was, I think, the most compact and comprehensive working library ever seen in Cambridge, containing the best and most recent editions of all the Greek and Roman classics, every good dictionary, lexicon, and book of reference, besides a vast number of works in all the European and Oriental languages and dialects. In a collection of this kind there will be of course few books of sufficient rarity to interest the majority of our readers, but the prices brought by a few demand notice. Stirling's *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, four vols. imperial 8vo, one of the twenty-five copies privately printed for presentation, on large paper, with red lines, and a supplementary collection of Talbotype illustrations, £30. Knight's *Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus*, an exceedingly rare privately-printed work, of which considerable use was made by the Doctor in editing his edition of the *Book of Jasher*, £5. 15s. A copy of Schweighäuser's *Athenaeus* was described as Professor Porson's copy, with a large quantity of his annotations; but we believe the MS. is entirely in Blomfield's hand, as he is well known to have habitually imitated the beautifully neat and precise hand of Professor Porson. The prices of a few others may be mentioned:—Stephens's *Thesaurus*, £16; Du Cange's *Glossary*, £7. 10s.; Boeckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum*, £7. 10s.; Golius's *Arabic Lexicon*, £1. 16s.; Reynouard's *Lexique Romain*, £2. 10s.; Reynouard's *Choir des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*, £6. 18s.; *Layamon's Brut*, by Sir F. Madden, £4. 4s. The greater part of the books were purchased by booksellers, though some of the most valuable were secured by the Doctor's friends.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, May 16th, 1861.  
We are here gradually recovering from the cold and ungenial weather which has so long dampened the gaiety of this gayest of all gay cities. Amusement is in the ascendant; and though military spectacles take up quite as much time as usual, yet there is a general and rapidly increasing opinion that we shall, for some time at least, continue in peace. Much attention is paid to the projected visit of working men from London, and I am pretty certain it will not be a great success. The working classes here do not care for it, and a notion prevails among them that the Orpheonists were not treated well by the English people. In fact, it would be well to make the whole matter as private as possible. There can be no harm in a cheap excursion to Paris, but it must not be a demonstration.

Everybody is wondering what is to be done with the Tuileries; but the architects who are believed to be a little behind the scenes say that the whole building is to be new fronted and new sided, if there be such a word, and made to correspond in every respect with the magnificent Louvre. All that is certain is that the Emperor himself has drawn several elevations, and that for some time past cracks in the walls on the side next the Seine have occasioned some alarm as to the safety of the building. It will, when finished, be the finest group of buildings in the world, the Palacio Real at Madrid not excepted.

I have no new scandals to communicate. That of M. Mirès is too old to be any longer piquant; nor will it recover its flavour till some decision is arrived at in his case. As it is, he stands a commentary on an absolutism which is as stringent as any that the world ever saw. The last insane visitor to the Emperor is a middle-aged lady, who declares herself to be his Majesty's mother. She has, like her predecessors, been taken proper care of, and a learned physician has written a letter in *Le Temps*, to the intent that this peculiar form of insanity arises from the concentration of all power in the hands of one man, a circumstance which concentrates on that one man so many minds, some strong and some weak, that the latter are frequently thrown off their balance. The Court physicians consider this a most untenable and unphilosophical theory. Scientific works on insanity are appearing rapidly. We have scarcely directed attention to the great work, for so undoubtedly it is, of Dr. Trelat, when we have another fully deserving to be placed beside it—that of M. Guardia, *De l'Étude de la Folie*. It has long been suspected that madness is on the increase, and our artificial state of life has been accused as the cause of this lamentable circumstance; but a closer examination tends to dispel this painful apprehension, and we shall probably find not only that insanity is not increasing, but rather the reverse, and that the apparent evil is due to a real good—the more careful observation of the kind of maladies in question, and the greater publicity given to the means employed for their cure. Some of the theories which are now in the course of examination, and, as it seems, likely of confirmation, must ere long effect some striking changes in our criminal law, as well as in our medical treatment and jurisprudence.

The press teems with new books. Among others, the following publications are attracting considerable attention:—of novels and romances, George Sand's *Evening and Lucienne*, or *the Loves of the Golden Age*; an antediluvian tale. Like all her recent works, this tale is quite unexceptionable on the ground of morals. This is rather more than can be said of Alfred de Vigny's *Histoires d'Amour*, a series of love adventures in Mexico, California, India, and New Granada. Victor Kromani has published an amusing book entitled, *Comedy without Comedians. The Story of an Ugly Woman* has proved an attractive title, and does credit to M. Camille Henri. Social science has received a valuable contribution in the publication of the *Ouvriers des deux Mondes*, under the superintendence of the International Society of Social Economy. The great objects of the society are practical, and the work before us takes cognizance of the labour, productions, moral character, and social habits of the working classes over the whole world; and especial attention is paid to those points which connect the artisan class with others. A great number of works on recent history are now appearing. "A Statesman" promises *Ten Years of the Reign of Napoleon III.* in a serial form. Victor de Novion gives us two more volumes of *The Life of Louis Philippe*; one more, the fifth, remains. Eugene Hatin announces the seventh volume of his *History of the Press in France*. The revolution of 1848 finds its historian in M. Garnier-Pagès. M. Collas busies himself with *Turkey in 1861*; while M. Charles Varenne has seized upon a subject likely to be still more popular in his new book, *The King of Italy, his Family and his Court*.

What will our advertising watchmakers say to a M. C. Deschanalet, who proposes to make every man his own watchmaker, and publishes a work to that effect? As he is a watchmaker himself, it seems that he does not fear the result. Just now, all departments of literature are active, and we may look for a series of good books during the present month.

A remarkably eloquent book has been written by M. Laprade, Professor of Literature at Lyons, under the title of *Questions d'Art et de Morale*. The object of the work is to inculcate the necessity of high aims in art and literature, and to discourage mere mechanical perfection. M. Laprade is the advocate of a lofty and spiritual feeling in art, however humble may be its class; and he especially disapproves of bookmaking, though he seems quite disposed to tolerate prolixity, a fault not to be found in his own works. Those who are especial admirers of M. Edmond About will be pleased to learn that he has thrown his political notions into the form of a new book, which he entitles *Letters from a Good Young Man to his Cousin Madeleine*. It need hardly be said that the letters are pleasant reading.

The conditions under which marriage is undertaken in France, were considered in a book which we noticed some time ago, and which was devoted especially to the question of dowry. The subject is now pursued a little further by M. Gaston Fournet. His work is entitled *La Question des Filles à Marier*; and in the midst of much sharp and biting wit he exposes some of the evils of the best French society. Such works should be read by Englishmen who wish to have anything like a correct idea of the social economy of their neighbours.

A pretty little specimen of literary forgery has just made its appearance, the authorship of which is vaguely attributed to some *grande dame*; it is entitled *Souvenirs d'une Demoiselle d'Honneur de Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne*. The name assumed by the lady of honour is Fiorenza d'Orsini, and her style is modelled after that of Madame de Sévigné. The book would be a very interesting one, and not without a degree of historical value, if it were only genuine; but, alas! it broke down under the first examination. "On Saturday, August 1, 1699, Madame la Duchesse," so says the lady, "gave me permission to go to the theatre, and I saw *Bajazet*, a new piece, by M. Racine, so celebrated for his comedies. Here there must, say the critics, be some mistake, for as *Bajazet* appeared in 1672 it could hardly be new in 1699. But allowing that the lady knew nothing about newness in such a case, and that she may have seen *Bajazet* in 1699 and imagined it to be a new piece, the next mistake is fatal; she again splits upon the same rock, Racine and his dates. She says that on the same day, August 1, 1699, she saw *Athalie* performed by the young ladies at St. Cyr; she states that the drama is taken from the Holy Scriptures, and that it pleased Madame de Maintenon very much; but that the Duchess of Burgundy did not like Racine, because when she took a part in the St. Cyr theatricals the great dramatist allowed her to see, in the midst of his compliments, that he thought very little of her acting. She on her part found *Athalie* cold and tedious, a decision not confined to herself; but Madame de Maintenon insisted on Racine himself apportioning the parts and superintending the performance—rather a difficult matter to insist on, when we recollect that Racine died on the 22nd of April previous.

M. Philarete Chasles has just published a book full of horrors: it is called *Virginie de Leyre*; or, *the Interior of a Convent in Italy at the Commencement of the Seventeenth Century*. Virginie is a princess, half Italian and half Spanish, immured from her infancy in a convent, and avenging herself on those who thus immured her by leading a life of scandalous excess. In the book, we have a gentleman of high rank and wealth, the lover of Virginie, Osio degli Osii, who kills off with the most serene complacency all who stand in his way. He keeps in his establishment three men, of whom the business of one is to murder anybody whom his master indicates; another, whose duty it is to bury the victims; and a third, who finds it occupation enough to carry his lord's *billets doux*.

We are in the habit in England of considering Don Giovanni a trifle too fast to command our entire respect, but he, reprobate as he was, appears a babe in innocence beside this terrible Osio degli Osii; and one begins to think that he was rather hardly dealt by at the last. However, M. Chasles assures us that this tremendous gentleman was only a fair specimen of the Italian noble two hundred and sixty years ago; and he moreover gives us distinctly to understand that it is all true! We hope not. The book is dedicated to Mr. Thackeray, and



it will probably have the effect of very much altering his opinion of the two first Georges, and of the first gentleman in Europe, the fourth of the name. The clergy were, as it seems, no better; and Arrighene, the confessor of the convent, is a worthy pendant for Osio degli Osii.

Belgian literature is in a flourishing state, but the most important works published during the month have been the twenty-first volume of the collection of *Belgian Chronicles*, containing the chronicle of the Dukes of Brabant, from the MS. of Corsendonck; the old French translation of *Jean Wankelin* is added, and judicious notes by M. Ram. Next, a superb and accurate work on the *Money of the Counts of Namur*, by Renier Chalon; this volume is a quarto of 148 pages, with twenty-two plates. Dr. Henry Barth's *Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa* have been translated into French by Paul Ithier, and enriched with chromo-lithographs and engravings, with a good map, and what is said to be the best portrait of the author as yet published. M. L. Alvin has given a very lucid view of the state of art in Belgium, with especial reference to the Exhibition of 1860.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

## THIRD NOTICE.

BESIDES the pictures of leading artists already noticed there are many fine works by men who are fast treading on the professional heels of those whose names have recently filled the temple of Fame. Indeed, it is to the pictures now hung below the line that we must look for the coming men in British Art—those who are to be the great men and heroes of the next generation; and among this class a small number, whose works give promise of a creditable, if not brilliant, future; and some of these shall be noticed very much as they are arranged in the rooms. It is impossible to get up any strength of enthusiasm on behalf of *The Tired Gleaner* (No. 4), W. Crosley, or *Pharaoh's Daughter* (No. 7), by E. Armitage, an artist who once gave as great promise of a great future as any young man in our times, but who, in the expressive words of Walter Savage Landor, must be characterized as

"Bird of bright feather, but of broken wing."

for with creditable aim and brilliant plumage he nevertheless falls year by year shorter of that mark indicated by his earlier works. Nor can No. 10, *Dawn—Luther at Erfurt*, J. N. Paton, be considered a great success; for, besides not being Luther, itself a fatal defect, the whole material, figure included, appears too much as if made of leather in texture; and everything is the same; the monk's face being of the same texture as the table-top, and both similar to the books, hangings, and indeed everything else in the picture. It is not among works like these that we can look for the coming man of Art. Nor can we stop to wonder and moralize over the number of men who have come and gone, and left nothing behind.

Sir John Leslie's chief argument for keeping the number of Academicians limited to forty, used to be, "See how few even of that number survive in their works!" and of their works, that for the sake of Art and the reputation of Britain had better not survive, it is difficult to speak, and as difficult to keep silence, from the fact that instead of being modestly hung where their demerits deserve, they are ostentatiously thrust upon visitors, as if challenging that attention which the better part of valour would keep out of prominent sight. Of this class are the works of C. Landseer and S. Hart, of G. Jones, A. Cooper, and some others—works which can be nothing better than the feeble reflections of a feeble manhood;

for it is difficult to suppose that really vigorous artists could ever get to the level here reached. And these are the stars in the firmament of Academic honours! A correspondent lately called attention to some details on this subject, and to some of these pictures; but, although differing in some of his opinions and conclusions, he might have made his strictures even more pungent had he taken the sum and measure of all the works exhibited by the "masters" of our youth, and shown what, as a class, these masters can produce in the form of pictures. From the Royal Academy schools, by way of Kensington to Newcastle, he might have traced his way by the pictures exhibited this year, —and such an array of pictures! If these be the "masters," what can be expected of the students? was the question asked by our correspondent; and to it we should be glad to receive some reply. Still, not because of, but in spite of the masters, there are some clever students and young artists,—men whom no dulness will daunt, and whose career no want of ability in teachers can check. This notion of the works of the present teachers has been forced upon us in justice to those who were so lately, or may still be, students, because less credit is due to pupils educated under able masters than to those who have to grope their way, not through their own original ignorance only, but through the incapacity of their teachers also, to something like professional respectability and success. Think of the genius required to enable W. J. Grant to draw such a mother's head, hands, and baby as those in No. 27, *First Steps in Life*, after perhaps undergoing the tuition of the painter of No. 153, where there is also a mother and baby. Or imagine, if possible, what must be unlearned before a young man, taught the art of painting by Professor Hart, could paint such a picture as No. 72, *La Demande en Mariage*, P. H. Calderon. This was evidently the conclusion to which our respected correspondent was drifting, could he have expressed himself with sufficient clearness; and we confess it is one which we cannot overthrow so effectually as might be desirable for the honour of the several schools and the authority of their respective masters or professors. As Lord Palmerston recently said in the House of Commons on another subject, "we are not here to say that black is white;" and if those elevated to the rank of teachers evince more ignorance in their works than is shown by their pupils, what can be said, but that the arrangement seems both unwise and unfortunate? Our correspondent called it by a harder name, but he and others would do well to remember that moderation of language is the most powerful medium for the diffusion of truth.

After this rather long digression, we must return to the pictures, and shall commence with No. 23, *Venus lamenting the Absence of Adonis*, W. E. Frost, a subject without interest, and as truly got up to show the artist's power in the nude, as tailors get up blocks on which to display top-coats. Excepting the unreality of the subject and the muddy character of the flesh-tints, it may be considered beautiful, although too statuesque in drawing, but yet very perfect, according to what we think the essentially false style on which it is based. Mr. Frost has another picture, *A Dance*, No. 150, in the same vein of thought, but not quite so perfect, and therefore, as we think, all that the better as a picture. No. 26, *Gossips on the Beach*, J. Mogford, is a creditable picture by this young artist, both in colour and effect, although not so pretensions in the latter quality as his *Sunset*, which wants solidity and repose in colour,—for it is possible to make even sun-

sets look too staring. No. 29, *Pensiere Matutino*, B. Amiconi, is sweet in expression, but poor in colour, and No. 31, *An Afternoon Sketch*, W. Field, is a low-toned and well-considered portrait. No. 35, *Water Meadow*, Sandwich, G. W. Oakes, is a clear and clever bit, with a sky and clouds admirably drawn; but it is to the large picture by this artist, one of the few good landscapes in the Exhibition, that we must look for this artist's strength; this, No. 517, *A Carnarvonshire Glen*,

"Whose walls,  
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists,"

is a picture which very few men could paint, and such as Mr. Oakes has never before painted for grandeur and poetic power. True, it has some faults: the yellow on the rainbow is too opaque and heavy, and looks more like paint than sunlight; and there is a tendency to overdo the blue atmosphere in the centre of the picture; but it is a magnificent work notwithstanding, and shows that Mr. Oakes is making rapid progress in the higher elements of landscape.

No. 38, *A Portrait*, W. M. Hay, is a girl's head, good in colour, and well painted; and No. 41, *Portrait*, G. Sant, is one of this artist's most successful efforts, according to his style; but that is far from perfect either in position or colour. The attitude is affected, and the colour leathery—the two besetting sins of Mr. Sant's latter pictures; there are no greater enemies to artistic immortality, and Mr. Sant has strong reason for maintaining an unceasing warfare against these two foes. Such portraits of darling boys are no doubt painted to please admiring mamma; but Mr. Sant should remember his own permanent reputation as an artist, as well as the likings of his employers, or these will suddenly disappear just when the artist finds he may have most need of them. No. 50, *A Welsh Cottage*, A. Cooper, is a clear and ingenious study spoiled by the figures; and No. 52, *At Dockwray*, Cumberland, J. Adam, is the dexterous work of some clever manipulator, ruining himself by a meretricious mannerism. No. 53, from its heavy and uniform tone, shows that J. Peel is not going so rapidly forward in colour, the all-important element to landscape painters, as his early admirers could desire; and No. 55, *Fruit and Still Life*, J. D. Adam, is good in colour, and cleverly painted, the texture of the various objects being well preserved and the individual parts painted with skill. No. 56, *A Claddagh Fisherman's Fireside*, G. W. Brownlow, is a pleasant little picture, made out of a very commonplace subject, and chiefly successful from its well-arranged colour. No. 78, *Clavelly, North Devon*, W. W. Fenn, is a feeble copy of Hook by an artist who could think and study nature without anybody's spectacles, if he would but dare be honest to his own power; and No. 82, *Counting the Chickens before they are hatched*, C. S. Lidderdale, shows good appreciation of character, but the drawing of the arms is wooden, and the hands are worse. No. 88, *Landscape*, Mason, is a picture by an artist of some power, although apparently ashamed of his or her Christian name; and No. 89, *The Shadow on the Tree*, J. Ritchie, is no improvement on what this artist has previously exhibited. Mr. Hensel's No. 90 is poor in drawing; and Horlor's *Farm Yard*, No. 123, is all but equal to Landseer, and only a little too like his latter works. Mr. F. R. Lee has two views of Gibraltar, the large one small in its largeness, and the other and better one, No. 122, cold and leaden in colour, but tolerably well drawn. No. 124, *Tired with Play*, J. T. Peele, is in a style that would have been considered very good in colour in the days when Sir G. Beaumont required



to have the place for his brown tree; but if Mr. Peele be wise, he will quit that conventional style, and turn his good eye for colour towards nature. He need not forget old pictures, but it will not do nowadays to make them the basis of an artist's style in colour. No. 128, *Portrait*, F. Leighton, is a capital painted head; and Mr. F. W. Hulme's No. 152, *Building a Rick*, is what has often been seen before, without any novelty or power of treatment to atone for the commonplace, oft-repeated subject. *Fruit Fragments*, No. 161, Miss J. Inglis, is a work remarkable in its strength of imitation, for there is no piece of more genuine texture in this lower line of pictures than in the cut apple by Miss Inglis. No. 176, *Elaine, with the Shield of Sir Launcelot*, J. B. Bedford, is a promising study; and No. 177, *Past Times in Times Past*, J. Faed, is respectable in colour, but small in style. No. 189, *Chewing the Cud*, F. W. Keyl, is full of character; and No. 188 must have had some other claims than those which appear upon the surface to secure for it the place it occupies. *The Knight's Home*, J. B. Burgess, is one of some half-dozen or more pictures in the rooms, where children are made "antiques" of by being dressed with the "furniture" of the artist's studio, and which may, perhaps, please the painter, but can have no possible interest to the public, just because it is only the very feeblest class of minds that require to resort to such absurdities for subjects; and, secondly, however admirably they might be painted, there is absolutely nothing to paint but the still life, — helmets, chains, &c. &c., *ad nauseam*. And when coarseness of style is added to poverty of subject, the result is what might be expected from such combinations. No. 191, *On the Borders of Dartmoor*, H. Moore, is another following of Hook by an artist who would be better following nature for himself. These may be taken as samples of the class of pictures hung below the line; and although their weak points have not been overlooked, because strong enough to bear the truth being spoken, yet the strong points of the mass of these pictures predominate, and visitors will find no more interesting treat than carefully going over them. In another article we shall conclude our remarks on this Exhibition, which grows wonderfully in public favour, in spite of so many of the Royal Academicians being non-exhibitors.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Dr. Wyld's concert of Monday last, the fourth of the present series, was more fully attended than any of its predecessors, the body of the hall, balcony, and gallery, being all crowded; this was owing in part, no doubt, to the attraction caused by the names of Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini; but we should be sincerely sorry to witness any change in the general character of these entertainments, such as at present seems likely to arise from the preponderance of the vocal element, and the "starring" system. Nine vocal pieces in one programme, even when sung by such accomplished artists as Mlle. Tietjens, Signor Giuglini, and Herr Fornes, seem to constitute too large a share of the whole; we must confess, however, that our feelings were not altogether participated by the audience, as one of the pieces, the Adagio from "Lucrezia Borgia," beautifully rendered by Mlle. Tietjens, was heartily encored, and "Com' è bello," from the same opera, substituted, thus making ten vocal pieces in all.

**PART I.**  
Overture (Lodolska) Cherubini.  
Arias: "Qui sdegno" (Zauberflöte) Mozart.  
"O, wie will ich triumphiren" (Il Se-  
raglio) Spohr.  
Violin Concerto, "Sonata and Jetai" Spohr.  
Aria, "Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni) Mozart.

Aria, "Il mio tesoro" (Don Giovanni) Mozart.  
The Pastoral Symphony Beethoven.

**PART II.**  
Overture (Die Hebriden) Mendelssohn.  
Adagio, "M'odi, ah! m'odi" (Lucrezia Borgia) Donizetti.  
Aria, "Tria che spunti" (Il Matrimonio Segreto) Cimarosa.  
Duetto, "Ah! fuggi da monte" (I Martiri) Donizetti.  
Aria, "Possenti Numi" (Zauberflöte) Mozart.  
Trio, "Gual, se ti fuggi un moto" (Lucrezia Borgia) Donizetti.  
Overture (Zauberflöte) Mozart.

Setting aside the Pastoral Symphony, the execution of which was irreproachable, the piece that gave the most pleasure was Spohr's Violin Concerto, the last which he composed for that instrument, entitled "Past and Present;" here we had the right man in the right place, the concerto being superbly performed by Mr. Blagrove, a pupil and friend of the great composer himself. Although not so popular with executants, it is of a character far more likely to please a general audience than some of the more elaborate works by the same illustrious musician, and we should not be sorry to see it figure again in some of the musical programmes before the end of the season. At the next concert the whole of Mendelssohn's "Antigone" is to be performed, the orchestra and choir being complete in every respect.

## MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERT.

**PROGRAMME.**  
Trio in E flat, Op. 33, No. 3, Mozart.  
Prelude and Fugue in F minor, Op. 33, No. 5, Mendelssohn.  
Lied, "The Bird and the Maiden," Op. 108, No. 2, Spohr.  
Andante and Bolero, W. Macfarren.  
Aria "Deh! vien!" (Nozze di Figaro) Mozart.  
Sonata in A, Op. 39, No. 1, Piano-forte and Violin, Beethoven.  
Song, "I think of thee," G. A. Macfarren.  
Romance, "Paral les Montagnes," W. Macfarren.  
Impromptu, "Mountain Stream," Mrs. B. Jerrold.  
Ballad, "I saw them sail in sunshine," Sternd. Bennett.  
Sestett in F sharp minor, Op. 8.

It is somewhat remarkable that no succeeding composer should have followed Mozart in his unusual combination of instruments in the trio which stands at the head of the above programme, consisting of the pianoforte, clarinet, and viola. Perhaps the scarcity of accomplished clarinet players is to some extent a reason for deterring musicians from writing for this instrument; however that may be, as a fine piece of classical music, abounding with pure Mozart melody and simple unaffected harmonies, it always gives the greatest satisfaction to a musical audience; and the warmth of the reception accorded to it on Saturday last showed that the audience on that occasion were not wanting in pure taste and critical discernment. Another opportunity for Mr. Lazarus to display his fine tone and careful execution was afforded him in Spohr's melodious song, "The Bird and the Maiden," where the clarinet part is obligato. The song itself was prettily and effectively sung by Miss Robertine Henderson, a pupil from the Royal Academy; and the general effect was so pleasing that the audience required its repetition, a request with which the artists gracefully complied. Mr. Walter Macfarren's highly classical taste was evinced by the selection of the solo pieces for the pianoforte, by Mendelssohn and Beethoven respectively, to which he added three of his own compositions, already published. Dr. Sterndale Bennett's masterly sestett, abounding in original and beautiful ideas, was a genuine treat in all respects; with such able executants as MM. Sainton, Watson, and Lazarus, a work of even humbler pretensions would have afforded pleasure; but in this case the work was worthy of the interpreters, and it was received with genuine enthusiasm.

The Recitative and Aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro," as also the new ballad by Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold, a pleasing though slight composition, were allotted to Miss Messent, the last-mentioned song being expressly composed for her.

The pianiste-accompagnateur was Mr. Francesco Berger, who seems to have made this particular branch of the musical profession his speciality; and certainly no one we hear at ordinary concerts displays such tact, precision, and watchfulness in his method of playing the accompaniments to the voice as Mr. Francesco Berger. At the third and last concert there will be a sonata (MS.) by Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Dussek's quintett for piano and stringed instruments will be performed.

## BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

The first of Mr. Charles Halle's series of performances of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas took place on Friday in last week. Although the subscription is, we understand, a tolerably good one, the attendance of the general public on this occasion was rather limited, owing, no doubt, to the extreme fineness of the day, the attractions of a fine sunny afternoon spent in the Park being superior even to the charms of music. However, the audience, if not very numerous, must be considered as belonging to the class usually designated as "highly appreciative," for there were very few who were not provided with the music, diligently following the gifted pianist's interpretation of each movement.

The first Recital, Friday afternoon, May 17th:—

## PROGRAMME.

**PART I.**  
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1, Beethoven.  
Allegro—F minor.  
Adagio—F major.  
Minuetto, Allegro—F minor; and Trio—F major.  
Prestissimo—F minor.  
Cimzone, "Name the glad day," Dussek.  
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2, Beethoven.  
Allegro vivace—A major.  
Largo appassionato—D minor.  
Scherzo, Allegretto—A major; and Trio—A minor.  
Rondo, grazioso—A major.

**PART II.**  
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, Beethoven.  
Allegro con brio—G major.  
Adagio—E major.  
Scherzo, Allegro—G major; and Trio—A minor.  
Allegro assai—C major.  
Song, "Ah, why do we love?" G. A. Macfarren.  
Grand Sonata, Op. 7, Beethoven.  
Allegro molto con brio—E flat major.  
Largo con gran espressione—E major.  
Scherzo, Allegro—E flat major; and Trio—E flat minor.  
Rondo, poco allegretto e grazioso—E flat major.

The three sonatas included in Op. 2 were written about the year 1796, when the composer was in his twenty-seventh year, and dedicated to Haydn. Although Beethoven had previously written several works for the piano and voice, and for stringed and wind instruments, some of which were published when he was but thirteen years old, yet he rejected nearly the whole as unworthy to be classed with his maturer productions, and he invariably placed at the head of his published compositions the three trios, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in the respective keys of E flat, G major, and C minor), composed in the year 1795, and dedicated to Prince Lichnowski, at whose residence they were first performed. These trios figure accordingly as Op. 1 in the catalogue published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and the three pianoforte sonatas mentioned in the above programme as Op. 2. The influence of Mozart is clearly perceptible throughout these three works, and it is not till we come to the next sonata, Op. 7, composed in the year 1797, that Beethoven throws off the trammels imposed by too closely following in the steps of his predecessors, and shows his own incontestable originality. In the interim he had written a grand trio in E flat (Op. 3) for pianoforte, tenor, and violoncello; a quintett in the same key (Op. 4) for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello; two grand sonatas (Op. 5) in the keys of F major and G minor respectively, for pianoforte and violoncello; and an easy sonata in D major (Op. 6) for two performers on the pianoforte. The sonata in E flat is on all hands admitted to be immeasurably beyond all the preceding works for the same instrument, both for the novelty and the highly melodious character of its phrases.

From among the numerous pianoforte players now resident in London, it would be difficult to name one so thoroughly competent in every respect to illustrate these sonatas worthily as Mr. Charles Halle, to whom, from long and careful study, they seem as "familiar as household words." To play a sonata of Beethoven's, from beginning to end, without book is, under any circumstances, a creditable achievement; but to play four at one concert, carefully observing the various shades and effects, is a task of considerable difficulty, especially, too, when we reflect that there are several pairs of eyes all eagerly following the performance with the music before them—a circumstance not exactly tending to diminish the nervousness of the executant. Mr. Halle performed alternately on two pianos, in order to afford to the audience on each side of the Hall an opportunity of observing the position of his hands



and arms whilst playing; this being, as our musical readers are aware, of no slight importance in the execution of classical music.

Such an entertainment as this is, may be truly said to combine instruction with amusement; and were we to be requested by anxious mammae to point out by what means a pure and healthy taste in music might be produced in the minds of their daughters, we should certainly advise a regular and watchful attendance, book in hand, through the course of these performances. It is not improbable that this is the view already taken, for the proportion of ladies to the sterner sex was that of fifty to one.

The vocal illustrations, introduced to relieve even the semblance of monotony, were charmingly rendered by Miss Banks, one of our most rising soprano singers, and accompanied on the piano by Mr. Harold Thomas; the first-mentioned song being one of the Dussek revivals, originally introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, and the second from the Opera of "Don Quixote."

#### NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

If eminence in the composition of vocal concerted music and a thorough knowledge of the powers of the human voice be qualifications for the honourable post of conductor of the above Society, no one can show a fairer claim than Mr. George W. Martin, whose glees, madrigals, and part-songs will in a few years (if indeed they be not already) be reckoned as part and parcel of our national standard music. That a society whose existence dates only from 1860, should already consist of upwards of seven hundred members, is a fact which in itself speaks volumes; but it should be borne in mind how much tact and caution are indispensable in the management of large musical bodies such as the one now under consideration; even the highly successful performances already given of the "Messiah" some weeks since, and of the "Creation" on Wednesday evening last, should only stimulate the members to greater exertions, until they arrive at that degree of efficiency already attained by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Mr. Costa (as Mr. Martin doubtless is aware) is a perfect despot in his orchestra, hence his constant success; and any indications of faltering or indecision are as fatal to the authority of the conductor as a crack in a Stradivarius, or a worm-eaten hole in an Amati. We make these remarks in all kindness and well-wishing to the Society and its talented conductor, and trust they will be received in the same spirit.

For the second time this season Mlle. Tietjens undertook the part of *Gabriel*, receiving for her services, it report be true, the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty guineas. For more reasons than one we trust this report may be incorrect, and the amount of remuneration proved to have been exaggerated; the levying such a contribution upon a Society only in its infancy being almost sufficient to crush it. The facility with which Mlle. Tietjens has mastered the pronunciation of our tongue affords an additional proof of her possession of talents of the highest degree; but we cannot share in the opinion generally entertained that her voice is displayed to the best advantage in the "Creation." Charming as the beautiful airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," were rendered, we could not but feel that that magnificent organ would be more fitly employed where the dramatic element came into play, a feature which is wholly wanting in the two songs above mentioned. In short, we would much sooner hear Mlle. Tietjens in the "Elijah" than in the "Creation," and on the stage than either. The choruses were remarkably good, more especially the two concluding ones of the first part, "Awake, the harp," and "The heavens are telling." The orchestra, if truth must be told, seemed rather weak; perhaps this might be accounted for by the best artists being required for Covent Garden the same evening. The other solo vocalists were Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave their annual performance of the "Messiah" in aid of the funds of the Charity, on Friday, the 17th instant, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Dr. Bennett, as conductor; the principal vocalists being Miss

Eleanora Wilkinson, Miss Palmer, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Walbrook, and Mr. Weiss. Of the performance generally we would rather not speak; the Hall was fully attended.

#### THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The Members of the Vocal Association met together at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, to enjoy one of these very sociable entertainments known as *concertazioni*. Various works of art were brought to a common centre through the kind liberality of their respective owners, the disposition of which was, on this occasion, entrusted to Mr. Owen Jones, thus ensuring an artistic arrangement. The contributions, among other things, included valuable bronzes and china, also specimens of plate from the well-known establishment of Messrs. Hancock, a fine collection of chromo-lithographs lent by the Messrs. Hanhart, numerous oil-paintings and water-colour drawings by different masters, besides many interesting philosophical instruments, microscopes, stereoscopes, &c., contributed by Mr. Filischer, of Bond Street. The pleasures of the evening were varied by vocal and instrumental music, including songs by Miss Banks, Miss Stabbaeh, Miss Messent, Signor Belart, and others too numerous to mention, besides part-songs by the members of the Association. The Hall was well attended, and the entertainment gave general satisfaction.

Even with the announcement of four, and occasionally (as, for instance, during the present week) five operatic performances, Mr. Gye finds it difficult to accommodate his musical patrons with any degree of comfort, the house generally being very well filled, and in some parts, where crowding is possible, crowded to excess. The inconvenience resulting from the necessary changes introduced into the arrangement of seats falls the heaviest on the unfortunate frequenters of the pit, who are now compelled to put up with the very scanty accommodation of fifty-two seats, the remaining portion of the pit being swallowed up by the orchestra stalls, which now amount to four hundred or more. Owing to accidents, excessive competition, and sundry other causes, Mr. Gye has not always had the most prosperous course hitherto, and we sincerely trust that this year may bring him some compensation for previous losses. If this be the case, we, in common with others, shall be content to undergo a little personal inconvenience, provided only the arrangement prove satisfactory, in a pecuniary point of view, to the enterprising impresario.

The performances during the past week have comprised "Norma," "Le Prophete," "Don Giovanni," "Sonnambula," "Guillaume Tell," and this evening "Lucia di Lammermoor." In the confident assurance (and may we add, hope?) that these are to be really the *bona fide* last dramatic representations given by Mme. Grisi in this country, a very full house was assembled on Saturday to witness her unrivalled impersonation of the *Priestess*. The intense feeling and dramatic power are as vivid and effective as ever; but each year has subtracted somewhat from the glorious beauty of that voice which for so many years has held us all entranced. Her reception was, however, warm in the extreme, and the public showed itself as ready as ever once more to welcome with the highest honours in its power the Queen of Song—the Empress of the Stage.

In spite of the extraordinarily powerful cast of "Don Giovanni" on the whole, there are one or two points to which we cannot reconcile ourselves. Mme. Penco is by no means, in our opinion, a good impersonation of *Donna Anna*; her omission of the grand air "Non mi dir" (so striking a feature in Mlle. Tietjens' representation of the same character) being not among the least of her shortcomings; nor is Mlle. Miolan-Carvalho satisfactory as *Zerlina*. Of M. Faure, in the character of *Don Giovanni*, we cannot speak too highly, the representation, both vocally and historically considered, being most admirable. The part of *Masetto* is very cleverly enacted by Ronconi. On Tuesday evening last, at the second performance of this opera, no less than five pieces were encored: "La ci darem," "Batti, batti," the trio of masks, "Deh! vieni alla finestra," and "Vedrai, carino." This evening (Saturday) Mlle. Patti is announced to appear as *Lucia*.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

To give any detailed accounts of the numerous concerts which now take place every week—sometimes three or four occurring on the very same evening—would be quite incompatible with the limits necessarily assigned in a journal where music is only a subordinate feature; we must be content then with simply recording them, pointing out the distinguishing features of those which claim to be of rather more importance than the next. A second performance of "Israel in Egypt" at Exeter Hall yesterday (Friday); a monster concert given in the same place on Monday last by Mr. Tennant, on which occasion Alboni was the great attraction; a performance by the Members of Mr. Leslie's Choir at St. James's Hall on Thursday; and a *concertazione* of the Vocal Association on the previous evening; the fourth concert of Mr. Ella's Musical Union; and miscellaneous concerts given by Signor and Mme. Ferrari, Miss Oldfield, Mr. Kingsbury, Mme. Angelo (her first appearance in public), Mrs. Dundas, Miss Palmer, and Miss Fanny Corfield, the concert of the last-mentioned lady being announced for this afternoon.

#### OLYMPIC.

On Monday evening, owing to the prolonged illness of Mr. Robson, Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was performed at the Olympic, with Miss Amy Sedgwick as *Lady Teazle*. The cast of the piece comprehended Mr. Horace Wigan as *Joseph Surface*, Mr. Addison as *Sir Peter Teazle*, and Miss Cottrell as *Maria*. All the parts were well sustained, the decorations of a very high order, and this celebrated and classic comedy has seldom been put upon the stage with more appropriate elegance, or performed with greater fidelity, than it was upon the present occasion. The audience was large and hearty in its applause, especially as regards the personification of *Lady Teazle* by Miss Sedgwick.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

The first performance of the new French *troupe* took place, on Monday evening, at the St. James's Theatre; on which occasion two pieces were produced, both of which were novelties to an English audience. The first consisted of a lively little farce in one act, entitled, "Le Serment d'Honneur," and is from the pen of the late Henri Murger, the well-known author of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," &c. A Parisian exquisite, *Horace Gerard* (M. Maugard), has taken, by mistake, at the Opera Comique, a wrong overcoat, and has found in the pocket thereof a note-book with a list of the following day's occupations fully sketched out—the late owner having obviously been in his habits a man of most diplomatic routine. A whim seizes upon M. *Horace* himself to do all that the owner of the pocket-book had proposed; and finding this idea at once novel and amusing, he binds himself by an oath to carry it through. It includes, among other things, a proposal of marriage to a charming widow, *Mme. Juliette de Sentis* (Mlle. Alice Theric), which proposal, with admirable effrontery, he makes to her, without even the shadow of an introduction, and is, of course, refused. After some entanglements and complications to increase the amusement, the ease (?) of his manner does, in fact, attract the attention of the lady, and even her fiery uncle and guardian, *Dubrenil* (M. Cornaglia), although his frequent wrathful explosions had been caricatured to his face by the cool intruder, cannot resist the captivating influence which *Horace* seems to shed around him; and finally the proposals, the idea of which had been adopted with so much nonchalance, result in a *bona fide* engagement. Mlle. Alice Theric looked very pleasingly the widow; but beyond ease and grace of manner there was little scope afforded by which to judge of her powers as an actress. M. Maugard, as *Horace*, was clearly at home; and M. Cornaglia was very effective as the fire-eating uncle. The second and more important piece, in four acts, was by MM. Labiche and Martin, and entitled "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon"; but as an analysis of the plot of this piece has already appeared in these columns, we shall not refer to it again. This piece, which, after all, is scarcely worthy of the success it has achieved in Paris, owes everything to the spirit which M. Geoffroy has thrown into the rôle of M. Perrichon. M. Geoffroy



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has no equal in depicting the humours of the rich Parisian bourgeoisie, and one of these is *M. Perrichon*; and it is impossible to imagine an actor more at home than is M. Geoffroy in rendering the bustle, importance, cowardice, and sentimentality, with many other similar qualities which go to compose this peculiar character. Both pieces were highly successful, the house was well attended, and the audience highly good-humoured. The performances commenced with "God save the Queen," which was well sung by Miss Augusta Thompson, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Patey.

At the conclusion of the late season of the management of Mr. A. Wigan, on Saturday night, that gentleman, addressing his patrons, thanked them for their support, and announced his intention of re-opening the St. James's Theatre in September next. This announcement was received with loud applause, and Mr. Wigan himself was vehemently cheered.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

An amateur performance was given on Wednesday evening, at the Lyceum Theatre, by the members of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers, with the assistance of Mrs. and Miss Stirling, and Misses Kate and Ellen Terry. The programme consisted of "A Life's Lesson," by Mr. Tom Taylor, in which the author took the character of *Oppenhardt*, the usurer. This piece, it may be remembered, was produced by the Civil Service Corps last year, the author then also taking the same character. "If the Cap Fits," by Messrs. Harrington and Yates, followed, both the authors taking parts in the performance. "The Happy Man," a farce by Samuel Lover, and the dialogue entitled "Past and Present," produced by Mr. Tom Taylor for the benefit of the Dramatic College, concluded the entertainment. The acting was of a high order, and the audience, which was large, was warm in its applause.

Mlle. Juliette Beau, who was originally announced as about to undertake the principal rôle in "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," at the Opéra, for the benefit of Rameau's grand-daughter, and forbidden by the Government to appear in that character, has entered into another engagement with the manager of the Théâtre du Vaudeville. She is expected to make her *début* there in October next, in a new piece by MM. Sardou and Edmond About.

Auber's "Muet de Portici" is shortly to be produced at the Grand Opéra, with Michot in the rôle of *Masaniello*; a fitting representative of *Fenella* has not yet been found.

At the request of the Imperial Director of the Theatres, St. Petersburg, Signor Verdi is about to write a new opera for the Italian Theatre there; two subjects have been successively proposed and rejected by the *maestro*, and the librettist Signor Piave is engaged upon a third work for the purpose.

Two one-act operas have been brought out at the Opéra Comique, and the Théâtre Lyrique during the past week—"Silvio-Silvia" at the former, and "Le Buisson Vert" at the latter.

Continental papers announce the death of Johann August Althuffer, formerly director of the theatre at Prague; he died on the 7th of the present month, in the seventieth year of his age.

It is long since there has been so much unemployed talent in London as there is at the present day, and no one will be surprised at the official announcement of the intended opening of another Italian Opera at the Lyceum. Mlle. Tietjens, Signor Grigolini, Signor Ciampi, are included in the list of vocalists; but we fear the great difficulty will be in obtaining a really efficient orchestra, nearly all the available instrumental talent being engaged.

A trial of new chamber compositions by Fellows and Associates of the Musical Society of London, took place at the Marylebone Institution, on Wednesday evening last; on which occasion five quartets of considerable merit, by Messrs. Aguilar, Schlösser, and others, were performed. The executants were Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Ernest Vieuxtemps, and Daubert.

A new Musical Society is started in London, entitled the Musical Art Union; its object is the

advancement of music, and from the talents and energy of its founder, Mr. Klindworth, we are inclined to augur well as to its future success. The first concert takes place next Friday evening, when a symphony by Rubenstein will be performed.

MISCELLANEA.

Misprints deserve to rank amongst the most potent instruments of the Evil One for leading men into sin. The amount of wrath and uncharitable impatience that is called forth by this aggravating engine would scarcely be credited by the uninitiated. To the general public a misprint is only a misprint; it is either obvious, or else, if not, it is abandoned with philosophic despair. But to the writer it is the most exasperating offence that the imps of Faustus can devise against him. If Job's adversary had had the book which he did not write, printed, Job would have been avenged. You find the finest passage marred by some ludicrous blunder; the sentimental turned into grotesque; the comic become hopelessly impenetrable; and the pathos ungrammatical. As for proper names, they are the rich pasture in which the fenishish tribe revels. Did it occur to any of our readers last week to ask who was William Maguire? what William Maguire had done to deserve a tombstone from the "wealthy and high-minded Conservative party"? We can only explain that *Maguire* represents the view taken in our printer's mind's eye of Maguin; and that William Maguire should have been William Magion.

The Annual General Meeting of the Architectural Publication Society will be held on the evening of Thursday, the 30th instant, in the rooms of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The chair will be taken by Professor Smirk, R.A.

On Friday last a numerously attended meeting of old Wykehamists was held at the Thatched House Tavern, Sir W. Heathcote, M.P., in the chair; the wardens of New College and Winchester, Dr. Moberly, head-master of the school, Mr. Ker Seymour, M.P., Mr. Roundell Palmer, and others, addressed the meeting, which terminated in the appointment of a Committee, consisting of twenty-four members, with power to add to their number, who would immediately consult upon the best form of memorial which could be raised in affectionate remembrance of the two lamented Wardens, Mr. Barter and Dr. Williams, and report their decision to a general meeting on the afternoon of June 19, previous to the Wykehamist dinner. The proposals laid before the Committee for consideration are the restoration of the college chapel, or the establishment of prizes in the place of those which lapsed on the death of their founder, Bishop Maltby.

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co. announce that they have in preparation *The Financial Policy of England for Twenty Years, from 1842 to 1861*, by Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., M.P.; a work on *The Relation of Church and State, and the Nature and Effects of an Established Religion*, by Lord Robert Montagu, M.P.; and *The History of the Church, the Low Church, and the Broad Church Parties*, by Archdeacon Denison.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have just published Mr. Holme Lee's story of *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* in a cheap form.

On Monday evening next a "Festival" will be held at the Polytechnic Institution, in aid of the projected monument to John Bunyan. We are informed that, "in addition to the usual scientific entertainments of the Polytechnic, a number of Bunyan Relics" will be exhibited.

Our readers will have been for some time prepared to hear of the loss of the Rev. John Stevens Henslow, the eminent Professor of Botany at Cambridge, which happened on the 16th instant, at his rectory in Suffolk, at the age of sixty-five. According to the *County Families* he was the eldest son of the late J. P. Henslow, Esq., and Frances, daughter of Thomas Stevens, Esq., of Rochester, and was born in 1796. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1818, and proceeded M.A. in 1821. In the same year he was

appointed to the professorial chair of Mineralogy, and he had held the Professorship of Botany since 1825. He was preferred by the Crown in 1837 to the rectory of Hitcham, of the annual value of £1180. He was the author of a work on the *Principles of Physiological Botany*, and of a small treatise on the *Practical Application of the Five Books of Moses*. The Professor's loss is deservedly regretted, both in the University of Cambridge and in Suffolk, where he discharged for many years the duties of a magistrate, as well as of an active parish clergyman.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Arthur Young, gave the first of a series of readings from Shakespeare, in St. Catherine's Hall, Strand. "Macbeth" was the play selected for the opening night, and is to be followed, we understand, by "Othello," "Hamlet," and "The Merchant of Venice," on successive Mondays.

We understand that it is contemplated to start a new weekly periodical early in July, "that will appeal to all classes." Dr. Charles Mackay is to be the conductor of the new comer, and the sinews of war will probably be furnished by Messrs. Maxwell and Co., the well-known proprietors of *Temple Bar* and *St. James's*. What is to be the result of this plethora of periodical literature?

Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition, of 1862 met on Wednesday at their offices in the Strand. The Building Committee met on Tuesday at South Kensington Museum. The Commissioners have appointed the following Committees:—1. In connection with Class 11 (military engineering, armour, and accoutrements, ordnance and small arms); Major-General the Hon. James Lindsay, M.P., Colonel Shaffe, Adair, Suffolk Militia Artillery; Captain Tyler, R.E., Major Porter, R.E., Lieutenant-Colonel A. Lane Fox, Grenadier Guards; and Captain A. C. Tupper, Brecknockshire Rifle Militia. 2. In connection with Class 13 (philosophical instruments, and processes depending on their use); Sir D. Brewster, F.R.S., Prof. B. G. Brodie, F.R.S., Mr. Charles Brooke, F.R.S., Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S., Dr. Frankland, F.R.S., Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., Mr. J. P. Gassiot, F.R.S., Professor Tyndall, F.R.S., and Professor Wheatstone, F.R.S.

Our readers will observe that at the meeting of the Zoological Society, on Thursday evening next, Professor Huxley will read a paper on "The Structure of the Brain in the Monkeys of the genus *Ateles*."

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society for the election of President and Council, &c., will be held at Burlington House, at one o'clock on Monday next, the 27th instant. The President, Lord Ashburton, will deliver the annual address on "The Progress of Geography." The dinner—that famous institution without which no literary or scientific society any more than a literary or scientific individual can exist—will take place in the evening at the Freemasons' Tavern.

We perceive that M. Du Chaillu's work on the Gorillas has now reached a sale of 5,000 copies. The letter of Dr. Gray will probably have a somewhat damaging effect upon the future demand.

The Royal Gold Medal of the Institute of British Architects has been awarded this year, with the approval of the Queen, to Mons. Lesueur, of Paris, architect of the Hôtel de Ville of that city. That gentleman attended the meeting of the Institute, and received in person the medal from the hands of the President, C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R.A. It has been the practice of the Institute, since the foundation of this honourable distinction by her Majesty, to award it every third year to some distinguished foreigner, who had rendered essential service to architecture by his works.

The total number of visitors to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, in the Regent's Park, on Whit-Monday, was 23,979, the largest number of persons that has ever been admitted in one day since they were opened to the public in 1828. We may add, as an interesting incident of the day, that a fine female giraffe was born during the forenoon, and seems likely to do well.



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12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 8
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 1 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16

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Tickets may be had at 79, Pall Mall; 4, Royal Exchange; or 16, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

M. CHEVALIER ON THE LABOUR

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